THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Transactions of the Turf, the Chase, and every other Diversion interesting to the Man of Pleasure, Enterprize and Spirit.

FOR AUGUST, 1794.

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Ornamented with a beautiful Engraving, from an original Picture of the DEATH OF THE HARE; also the Portraiture of Mr. Bishop's celebrated TROTTING MARE, from an original Painting by Sartorius.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, near St. Paul's; at WILLIAM BURREL's Circulating Library, Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. C. A. B. will perceive we have paid attention to his Favours; the remainder will make its appearance in our next.—His Observation respecting the Irish Racing Calendar is under Consideration.

Although we have taken the liberty of making some Alterations in J. I. B.'s Humorous Description of Barnet Races, we hope it will not deter him from exercising his Pen on similar occasions.

ACASTUS, Letter XIV. on Fox-hunting, shall certainly appear in our next.

Anecdotes of Mr. Phillidor, the celebrated Chess Player, is received, and we are much obliged to the Party who favoured us with them.

Our Worcester Correspondent will find his request complied with; although it would have appeared in our Racing Calendar, had we not been favoured with it from him.

We are sorry the lateness of our Stockton Friend's Communications precluded the possibility of their Insertion this Month; and we wish it to be known to him, as well as the rest of our Correspondents, that unless we receive their Favours by the 20th of the Month, they cannot be inserted till the next Number.

The mode of Hunting with Beagles in the marshy Grounds in the neighbourhood of Deptford, as well as on the other Side of the Thames, appears to us rather curious—possibly because we have not been in the habits of witnessing it; D. C. however, does not seem to us to have been sufficiently particular in his Description, we will, therefore, thank him, or any of our numerous Subscribers in that Neighbourhood, to be more explicit on the Subject.

The BUCKS, a Dialogue, is received.

Sartorius Pinxt Cook Sculp.

Portraiture of Mr. BISHOP's Celebrated TROTTING MARE.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For AUGUST, 1794.

Mr. Bishop's *celebrated* Trotting Mare.

THE celebrity of the animal, which we now present our readers with the portraiture of, is so well known, that it is scarcely necessary for us to say any thing of its exploits; however, as we have been furnished with two or three instances by Mr. Bishop, the late owner, we cannot but in justice to him, give them a place. With respect to the execution of the plate, we have nothing to fear, as we trust it will, in every respect, be found to correspond with our former productions; and as to the likeness, it is done from an excellent painting, by Mr. Sartorius, in the proprietor's possession; and acknowledged, by every one who has seen it, to be a striking one.—This mare trotted 16 miles on the Epsom road in one hour, carrying 12 stone; was *matched* to trot 17 miles in one hour on the Hertford road, carrying 16 stone 4 pounds, and received 150 guineas forfeit; she afterwards beat Mr. Green's horse Shields, (now the property of Mr. Reed) which the loser trotted 16 miles in one hour.

For the Sporting Magazine.

Instructions *for inexperienced* Sportsmen *in* Shooting, *by* Geoffry Gambado, *jun.*

LET your gun be stocked to the muzzle, and as heavy as possible; the first will prevent its easily breaking, and the latter convince your companions of your bodily strength in being able to carry it.

Observe in particular, that the touch-hole is large enough; a

large touch-hole has many advantages: in the first place, as to the point of communication, and should you happen to lose your priming, a good sound knock on the other side will fill your pan in an instant. If it is apt to go off at half-cock, so much the better, it saves trouble, and you are always prepared.

Let your barrel be kept as bright as possible, and the rays of the sun reflecting from it, will dazzle the eyes of your game, and prevent their seeing you; and when placed in a conspicuous part at home, will make a much better appearance than one of your dull brown or dark blue pieces.

Let your shooting belts be very large, and that for the shot capable of holding twenty or thirty pounds; it is impossible for you to define what quantity you may want; and besides, when well filled, and crossed on your breast, they will have a very handsome appearance, and convince people you intend to kill something.

As to the article of dress, there are various opinions concerning it; some represent *boots* as absolutely necessary—I think otherwise: get a pair of light thin *pumps*, with fine cotton or silk stockings; the advantages of being light about the heels are obvious; you will be able to pursue your game, jump over ditches, &c. with much greater ease than in a pair of heavy thick-soled boots; a few thorns running into your feet or legs are trifles not to be regarded by true sportsmen. Be sure you wear a cock'd hat in preference to a round one, as it has a more martial appearance, and will not so much obstruct your sight as the latter. The other parts of your dress are immaterial; but at any rate let your coat have long full skirts, this will enable you to cover your gun, and save your priming if it rains; as to the colour, white or a good crimson is, in my opinion, preferable.

In your equipment, do not forget a game-bag; as for myself, being, like my uncle *Geoffry*, a plain man, I have generally substituted a large cabbage-net, or a pillow-case; let your's be strong and capacious, and capable of carrying three or four pounds of bread and cheese, with a reasonable portion of gin or brandy, or any other liquor you like best.

The next thing to be considered, is the choice of dogs: and here again there are various opinions; however, that you may not be at a loss, I advise you to take two or three of each species with you on all occasions; prefer those which bark most, and have the strongest tones; a few half-grown puppies will also be serviceable, they will not keep sneaking at your heels like an old dog, but, by their continually frisking and yelping, will assuredly raise all the game around you.

Some people are apt to despise that useful species of dogs called curs, but this is an error, for as they are generally a mixture of two or three distiuct kinds, 'tis more than probable they also inherit the respective qualities of their relations and ancestors.

Many sportsmen think a shooting-poney a necessary appendage, but if your circumstances will not permit you to purchase one, borrow a Jerusalem hobby, vulgarly called a jack-ass, of some coster-monger, who has worked him hard, which, with the hard beating he may have had, will prevent him from being restive; another advantage attending this animal, will be his occasional braying,

braying, which will, very likely, put the birds on the wing.

All I shall say on the article of shot, is, that as you are uncertain what kind of game you may meet with, be prepared for all, by loading with a mixture of the different kinds, from Bristol-drop to snipe-shot.

Never go out till the sun has been up some time; this will give you an opportunity of eating a good breakfast, and the dew being off the grass, will prevent your catching cold in your feet.

As you are going to the ground where you expect to meet with game, you may exercise yourself by shooting at crows, cats, or tame fowls; this will bring your hand in, and prevent your startling at the first report of your gun—a thing not unusual to young sportsmen. You may likewise train your dogs by setting them at a flock of sheep or geese in your way; and your water-spaniels at any pond you may pass, where there are a few tame ducks.

The moment you draw your trigger, be sure you shut both your eyes; this will prevent the priming from hurting them, and you can open them time enough to see where the game falls.

Always carry your piece full cocked, with the muzzle parallel with the horizon, you are then ready for any thing, and should you chance by this to lodge a few shot in your companion's breech or body, 'tis an accident so often happens to sportsmen, it will not be regarded.

Be sure to put powder enough in your gun; and let your wadding be of the strongest and thickest paper you can get; this will prevent the shot from mixing with it; nor be sparing of the latter, as from the quantity, you are less liable to miss your object.

Ram your shot down for at least five minutes, your gun will make the better report, and the execution be more certain.

Always get the wind at your back, if possible; it will hinder the smoke from flying in your eyes and if the weather be dry, the dust also.

Hammer your flint well with the back of your knife after every discharge, this will give it a fine edge, and prevent your missing fire.

On coming to a bush or copse, beat it with the muzzle of your gun, and shout lustily, this will put your dogs in spirits, and if there is any game, you will be sure to put it up.

On stopping to rest yourself, always put the muzzle of your gun under one arm; it will serve to support you, and prevent any wet or rain from getting down the barrel.

After you have killed all you can, if you should refresh at a hedge-alehouse, assume airs of consequence, curse the practice, and offer a reward for the apprehension of poachers; threaten to discharge your game-keeper, talk of intimacy with great and noble sportsmen, and this will make you appear somebody, and the ignorant rustics will perhaps say you are a *gemman*.

When you return home let your game bag be full, if it is only grass; splash yourself as much as possible, the dirtier you are, will prove you have been indefatigable in your pursuit; and when you join your associates, give an exaggerated account of your day's sport, and what great quantities of game you have distributed to very particular friends on your way home.

To

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I CANNOT help admiring the *modesty* with which your correspondent I. I. B. from the *Turf Coffee-house*, apologises for gaming, in your magazine of last month. If the modesty of this gentleman was not sufficiently manifested in the design of his undertaking, it has at least been well exemplified in the confidence with which he courts a controversy.

Now, Gentlemen, I am not attempting to maintain that much may be advanced and forcibly urged in defence of gaming, but, I purpose to shew your correspondent, that he has not, *as yet*, sufficiently defended it; but as he has not betrayed any great want of ingenuity, perhaps, in some future attempt he may be more successful.

That a number of mechanics are employed in the construction of cards, dice, rackets, and other implements of gaming, is not to be denied; but will your correspondent argue that they are thus usefully employed?—I make little doubt, and he may possibly make still less doubt, that there are a number of hands occupied in the construction of that kind of dice known by the name of *dispatches*, as well as many other articles of *knowing* manufacture; and yet, I cannot easily be persuaded that if the *mechanics* were without employment, they would be likely in any other way to prove greater "pests to society." The commerce and fair manufactures of this country are able to find employment for the whole extent of its population; and our prosperity would not be injured if the trades of dice-makers, card-makers, coiners, &c. were abolished for ever, without even the exception of another manufactory established by an ingenious *matron* of the name of Phillips.

The revenue derived from the duties upon cards, dice, &c. can never be a rational object of any magnitude, much less can it be urged in a *moral* view as any apology for using them. The revenue, also, gains something by fines inflicted for offences and breaches of the law, but no man ever thought pleading the advantage to the revenue as an apology for the practice.

That gaming is a relaxation from business, I should readily allow, even if your correspondent had stated it more strongly as a course of idleness; and when he mentions the "salutary effects of tennis, cricket, and others," he would do well to distinguish between wholesome bodily exercises which do not properly belong to what, in the usual acceptation of the word, is called gambling, and those scenes of sedentary play, which fill the mind with tumults, while they are gradually consuming the body.—A man plays agreeably at *cricket*, without ever thinking of a wager, but where will you find a person who sits down to play for nothing at *hazard* or at *faro*.

I admit that gaming "introduces a person into companies, when no other master of the ceremonies would be found," and instead of a recommendation consider it as a great misfortune. I have myself seen a man hanging in chains, whom a very short time before I saw playing at a hazard-table; and were it not for the indiscriminate admission to places of this sort, the unhappy wretch alluded to, *would* not have found

found his way into my company, and possibly, *would* not have found his way into these chains.

Your correspondent has furnished you with two instances, in which gentlemen have derived solid advantages from their address at play; but he must remember, that their address was shewn in the management of some particular game, and that had they been absolutely *gamblers*, those benefits would have been withheld from them in the first instance, or lost to them in the sequel. But, supposing it had been otherwise, and that the parties mentioned were gamblers in the full sense of the word, a solitary exception here and there, so far from disapproving that gaming is a destructive vice, will have the contrary effect, and prove the general rule.

What those games at cards are, which contribute more to pleasantry than wit and repartee, I know not. There seldom has been, as far as my experience enables me to judge, a game played, in which the mirth was equally divided between the losers and the winners; and, as Swift would look for "the merriest faces in mourning coaches," so should I, if I wanted to contemplate the picture of anguish, disappointment, and chagrin, be certain to find it at a gaming-table.

"Play," he says, "is a professed enemy to inebriation and other debaucheries." Be it so. But is the remedy much better than the disease? A man may remove the smell of *onions* from his breath by eating a quantity of *garlic*.

I believe, gentlemen, your correspondent is now sufficiently answered as to what he has yet alledged. But, as he has by no means exhausted the subject, I hope you will soon hear from him again, and as I have a good deal of leisure on my hands, I shall not only attend to what he writes, but also furnish you with an account, from my own personal experience, of some of the vicissitudes in the life of

A Broken Gamester.

King's Bench Prison,
Aug. 11, 1794.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

HAVING read in your last Number, an entertaining account of several mules, (the whole species of which, have hitherto been considered as barren) having bred, I have taken the liberty of sending you the following account of the delivery of a mare, in hopes that some of your professional writers will oblige the public with their ideas upon what appears to me a most singular and wonderful phœnomenon.

In the season of ninety-three, Bergem, who keeps a house, known by the sign of the Wrestlers, on Aldenham Common, Herts, had a poney-mare covered by a horse of Ricketts Johnson, Esq. of Bushey, named Sceptre, and after having offered her the horse at the regular periods, (which she refused to take) naturally supposed she held, and as usual turned her upon the common to graze, among the herds of ponies, with which it abounds. A little while previous to the time he expected she would foal, he removed her for the convenience of pasture, &c. from the common, to a close adjoining his home, where she shortly after dropped a fœtus, (if I may use the expression) in the form of a foal, from the smallness of which,

it was apparent, she had not gone her full time, although more than eleven months were elapsed since she was covered by Sceptre; it was also so extremely weak and feeble, as not to give any hopes of its even attaining maturity, and so frightfully ill-formed, that Bergem, (from an idea it was not worthy any care or attention, and that as long as it lived, it would remain a horrid fright) was inclined and universally advised to destroy it. He, however, permitted it to continue with the mare, who, after an interval of fourteen days, to the astonishment of every one, produced a colt-foal of the most lively and promising appearance, which, with the fœtus, still sucks their dam.

Instances of mares having twins is, I believe, not uncommon, especially among the large cart breed, whom I have frequently witnessed working at the plough and harrow with them; in short, I remember when a lad, going to Barnet fair with my father, where he purchased a cart mare, who, at that time, suckled two foals, both of whom he reared, but then, from the similarity of their size and make, it was evident they had been foaled shortly after each other. Your inserting this in your Magazine, will, I hope, induce some gentlemen conversant with the subject, to inform the public, whether instances of delivery after so long an interval, often occur; and from what cause, and which, or whether it is to be supposed both foals were got by Sceptre: my idea is, that the last foal was got by him, and that the mare, after having been covered by him, was not (although she refused him) satisfied, and therefore was leaped by some stone poney on the common, which having also got a foal, it delayed the delivery of the last beyond the usual time. This is merely a conjecture of my own, which I have laid down in hopes that some of your ingenious correspondents will comment upon it, and favour the publ c with a more full and ample discussion of a circumstance so truly surprising.

Your's, &c.

Delrow, A FARMER.

Aug. 15, 1794.

P. S. Sceptre is now the property of William Blyeum, of Aldenham Common, and covers at one guinea a mare, and half-a-crown the groom. He is a beautiful bay horse, upwards of sixteen hands high, of great strength and symmetry, completely master of twenty stone, and an uncommon good, temperate, and speedy hunter.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you have a corner to spare in your agreeable Miscellany, the insertion of the following will oblige,

Your's, &c.

Aug. 20. R. F.

INSCRIPTION *on a* STONE *in the* GROUNDS *of* R. FORREST, *Esq.* GREENHITHE, KENT.

Here is buried, a Horse,
Called
JACK,
As
A Hunter and Roadster
Inferior to none in this Kingdom.
He died
Aug. 22, 1794,
Aged Thirty Years;
After
Twenty-two years faithful Service
To his Master.

A TREATISE

A Treatise on Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(*Continued from page* 196.)

THE *tongue* consists of muscular fibres, which lie in different directions, and have different motions. The tongue has seven pair of muscles, some of which arise from the lower jaw, and some from the *os hyoides*. One pair arises from the temporal bones, and pulls the tongue backwards, being inserted in the side of the tongue, and another proceeds from the lower jaw near the furthermost grinders, and is inserted into the bridle of the tongue. When these act together, the horse is enabled to swallow the aliment after it is chewed.

The head of the wind-pipe has six pair of muscles, which help to open and shut its valves when the air passes and repasses in breathing. It has likewise another pair, which draw both sides of the ewer like gristle together, to prevent any hurtful matter from entering therein. The *epiglottis*, which serves chiefly to open and shut the wind-pipe, has very small muscles. When these muscles are affected by colds, or are inflamed, they render swallowing difficult.

The head of the *gullet* or *pharynx*, has muscles which serve to contract or open the upper orifice of the gullet; and there is likewise a kind of sphincter muscle, which serves to contract it after feeding.

The *ears* of a horse are very moveable, and are therefore turned different ways according to the different directions of sounds, especially when they are hot or fearful. The outward ear has four muscles; one of which lifts it up, and points it forward; a second pulls it backwards; a third points it downwards; the fourth assists the second, and pulls the ear backward, and downward towards the horse's neck. A quick motion of the ear is a sign of strong muscles, and a good spirit. The *inward ear* has two muscles, which belong to the organ of hearing.

The *head* and *neck* are moved forward, backward, sideways, and somewhat circular. To perform which motions, there are eight pair of muscles proper to the head, and four pair common to the head and neck. Some of the proper muscles arise from the breast-bone, collar-bone, and the *vertebræ* or rack-bones of the neck, and are inserted into the occipital or noll-bone, or into the processes of the temporal bones. Those that belong both to the head and neck, arise from the breast-bone, the spines of the vertebræ of the chest, and the rack-bones of the back, and are inserted higher or lower into the transverse processes of the bones of the neck. These with the muscular expansions between the processes, make up the bulk of the flesh lying on those parts. The expansions are the *interspinal muscles*, which assist in the motions of the vertebræ.

The *back* and *loins* have four pair of muscles common to both. The first pair are very long, for they extend from the haunch bones and the *os sacrum* to the temporal bones on each side of the neck, and are connected with the spines as they pass along. They are a great security to the back, and assist the other three pair in all their motions. When all these muscles act together, the whole back is contracted; but when they act on one side only, they bend the body on that side.

The *lower* belly has five pair of muscles, which severally rise from the haunch-bone, share-bone, ribs, breast, and other adjacent parts They are mostly inserted into the white line which runs along the middle of the belly. One pair passes obliquely downwards, another obliquely upwards, another has a straight direction from the breast to the share-bone. A fourth pair assists the straight muscles in pulling down the breast, and the fifth are the transverse pair which run from the loins and lowermost ribs, on each side to the white line. The use of these muscles is to compress the belly, and discharge the excrements: likewise, they assist the midriff, together with the muscle of the breast and ribs, in respiration.

The *breast* has four pair of muscles to expand and dilate the chest, and two pair to contract and compress it. These compose the flesh which belongs to the brisket, and all the breast from the collar-bone down to the pit of the stomach; together with that which covers most of the foremost ribs. Some of these proceed forwards from under the shoulder-blades and rack-bones of the neck and chest, and some arise backwards from the rack-bones of the loins and *os sacrum.* These are mostly inserted into the ribs, in such a manner as will best promote an easy and perfect respiration. The intercostal *muscles* are that portion of flesh that lies between the ribs, whereof part are said to be internal, and part external. These help to straighten and dilate the breast alternately in breathing.

The *diaphragm* or *skirt* is a muscular substance which separates the chest from the lower belly. It arises on the left side from a process of the rack-bones of the loins, and on the left from the uppermost of the loins, and the lowermost of the breast. It is inserted into the breast-bone, and the five lower ribs. The middle is flat and tendinous, till the commencement of the fleshy fibres. These fibres proceed from hence as from a center, and are sent all round like the rays of a circle. When this muscle acts, it pulls the ribs downwards, and assists the muscles of the lower belly in the expulsion of the excrement; but is more particularly useful in assisting respiration. This muscular substance is greatly relaxed and extended in broken-winded horses.

The *heart* is a noble part, whose shape and appearance is well known to all. It is composed of fibres that run in a spiral direction; as also of transverse, longitudinal, and straight fibres: by which means it acts as a muscle, and is the principal organ in the circulation of the blood. It has two cavities near each other, whereof one is called the right ventricle, and the other the left. The *pulmonic artery*, which distributes the blood to the lungs, proceeds from the right ventricle, which is the largest and thinnest. The great artery which carries the blood to all the parts of the body, arises from the left ventricle. Upon the upper part of each ventricle there is another cavity called the auricle. The *vena cava,* or great vein which brings the blood from all parts of the body, is joined to the right auricle; and the pulmonary vein which brings the blood back from the lungs, is joined to the left auricle The auricles, like the ventricles, are set one against another. In the inward

inward part of the ventricles there are several valves. Those which are placed at the entrance of the ventricle suffer the blood to pass from the heart, and hinder it from returning the same road. Those which are placed at the entrance of the auricles, permit the blood to enter into the ventricles, and prevent it from returning back the same way.

The whole *intestinal canal* reaches from the top of the gullet to the anus, including the stomach. One of their coats consists of muscular fibres, which by their power of contraction assist digestion, and promote the passage of concocted aliments, part of which being turned into chyle, enters the villous coat of the intestines: they likewise forward the exit of the gross excrementitious mass that is left behind.

The *anus*, or *fundament*, has a sphincter muscle seated at the extremity of the *rectum* or strait gut. It consists of circular fibres, and surrounds the anus like a ring. Its use is to close the fundament, and to prevent the falling out of the gut. There is a muscle called the *levator*, which assists the expulsion of the excrements: it rises from the ligaments of the hip-bones and *os sacrum*, and is inserted into the sphincter.

There is also a sphincter muscle which surrounds the neck of the bladder, to prevent the urine from coming away involuntarily. The muscles belonging to a horse's yard are, the *erector*, the *dilator*, and the *cremaster*.

The *scapulæ*, or shoulder-blades have four pair of muscles. The first are the *cucullares*, which are placed on the top of the withers, and when they are very fleshy, they render a horse thick-shouldered. They are slender at their rise, and grow broader as they proceed to their insertion into the spine or ridge of the shoulder-blades, the collar, and the shoulder-bones. The second are the *levators*, which cover the collar bones. They arise from the first transverse process of the neck, and are inserted in the fore part of the shoulder, drawing them upwards and forwards. The third pair are seated under the pectoral muscles, arising from the four foremost ribs, and terminating in the anchor process of the blade-bone. These draw the shoulder-blades forward. The fourth arises from the lowermost spines of the neck, and the uppermost of the breast, and are inserted into the bottom of the shoulder-blades by very strong tendons. When they act, they draw the shoulder-blades a little upwards and backwards. Hurts or strains of the muscles produce lameness of the shoulders.

The shoulder, properly so called, reaches from the point of the blade-bone to the elbow, and has nine muscles: the first of which arises from the collar-bone, and running along part of the blade-bone, goes to be inserted about the middle of the shoulder-bone, serving to raise the shoulder upwards. The second proceeds from the ridge or spine of the shoulder-blade, and is inserted by a strong broad tendon into the neck of the shoulder-bone. There are two which serve to depress the shoulders, or pull them down: the first, called *latissimus dorsi*, arises from the *os sacrum* near the rump, from the haunch-bones, and the rack-bones of the back, and spreads over a great part of the back; its fellow doing the same on the other

 side,

side, and is inserted into the shoulder-bone: The other depressor rises from the lower side of the shoulder-blade, and is inserted into the upper and inner side of the shoulder-bone. The pectoral muscles arise from the inner part of the shoulder-blade, near its edge, and are inserted a little below the round head of the shoulder-bone: They serve to bring the shoulder forward: The first of the remaining three has its rise under the ridge of the blade-bone, and terminates in one of the ligaments of the shoulder-bone. The second is seated between the shoulder blade and the ribs, and terminates in another ligament of the shoulder-bone. The last proceeds from the lower angle of the shoulder-blade, and terminates in the neck of the shoulder-bone. Hurts, sprains, and relaxations of the bones have produced a swelling and a lameness, which have caused many to think the shoulder has been out of joint. But this is very seldom the case, and whenever it does happen, it will scarce admit of a remedy.

The fore leg has several muscles to perform its motion. The first proceeds from the anchor-like process of the shoulder-blade and the upper edge, and terminates on the inside of the knee, a little above the joint. The second arises from the middle of the shoulder-bone, and is inserted near the same place. These serve to raise up the leg. Another muscle arises from the lower edge of the blade-bone, and is inserted into the outside a little above the knee. Another arises from the shoulder-bone, and terminates in the same place. These, with two other small muscles, compose the fleshy part of the limb.

There are two muscles which bend the knee, and two others that extend it. The *flexores* or *benders* of the knee proceed from the inner knobs or processes of the shoulder-bone, and running down on the inside lower than the knee, are inserted into the hinder part of the top of the shank. The *extensores* or *extenders* of the knee proceed from the outer process or knob of the shoulder-bone, the tendons of which passing over the knee, are inserted into the fore part of the head of the shank. These, together with the ligaments to which they are joined, compose the tough substance on the fore part of the knee.

There are two *flexores* or benders, and two *extensores* or extenders, that belong to the fore pasterns and coffin-joints. The first of the *flexores* of the pastern reaches from the shoulders to the hinder part of the pastern-joint, where it is inserted: its tendon forms the back sinew of the fore leg: The other arises from the upper part of the shank-bone, and is inserted into the coffin-bone. The first extender of the pasterns proceeds from the outer process or knob of the shoulder-bone, and is inserted into the fore and outer part of the pasterns and the coffin-bone. The other rises fleshy from the inner process or knob of the shoulder-bone; but quickly changes into a small tendon, and descends to the bottom of the sole, where it terminates in a fleshy expansion, which is very sensible.

Near the fore part of the instep, and behind in the bending of the pastern, there is a ligament, like a ring, to secure the tendons of the muscles that pass to the bones of the pastern and coffin, and serves to strengthen them,

them, as well as to keep them in their place.

That part of a horse is called the thigh, which reaches from the huckle or whirl-bone to the stifle-bone or knee-pan. Three muscles pull the thigh forwards, or raise the stifle towards the belly. The first rises from the transverse processes of the lowermost vertebræ of the chest, beneath the withers, and two or three of the uppermost of the loins, and ending in a strong round tendon, is inserted into the lesser head of the thigh-bone. The second rises from the share-bone, and turning likewise into a strong round tendon, is inserted into the lesser head of the thigh-bone, near the stifle. The third, as well as the rest of the muscles of the thigh, except two that turn the thigh obliquely, arise from the hip-bones, rump, and *os sacrum*; part from their outsides, part from the insides, part more distant, and part nearer, and go to be inserted above the stifle, or at the very extremity of the thigh-bone.

These compose the fleshy part of the hip, and pass over the hip-joint, to which they are a great security. One of the pairs that turn the thigh obliquely, have their rise from the outer circumference of the *ischium*, and the outer proceeds from the inner circumference. They are both inserted near the great rotator of the thigh, to prevent the irregular motions of the other muscles.

The leg has five pair of muscles that serve to extend it. The first arises from the upper part of the *os ileum*, and is broad and thin, making a kind of membranous expansion, which covers the greatest part of the other muscles of the thigh, and spreading over the stifle, is inserted into the upper part of the *tibia* or leg-bone. The second rises near the first, and is also inserted into she leg-bone forwards, a little below the stifle. These two have a sort of oblique course; but the third runs strait along the fore part or edge of the thigh, as far as the stifle, where it changes into a broad strong tendon, which adheres close to the bone as it passes over it, and is inserted into the upper head of the leg-bone.— The other two are so large, as chiefly to make up the fleshy part of the thigh. The first proceeds from the great trochanter and the neck of the thigh-bone, and the second from the lesser trochanter. The tendons of both the muscles pass over the stifle, and uniting with the former, are inserted into the upper part of the leg-bone, the one towards the outside, and the other towards the inside.— The tendons of these muscles, but more especially those of the last three, compose the strong cap or cover that lies over the knee-pan, in order to prevent a dislocation.

The *flexores*, or benders of the leg, are four. It has likewise a muscle that moves it obliquely. The two first rise from the process or knob of the coxendix or rump-bone, and are inserted backwards, below the bending of the leg, behind the stifle, one on each side; they make up the bulk of the flesh on the hind part of the thigh. The third arises near the first and second: and the fourth from the middle of the share-bone, and, passing downward between the other two, are inserted into the back part of the leg-bone, near the middle. When it acts, it brings up the hock towards the hip. The two first

first acting singly, draw the leg either to one side or the other; but when they all act together, they draw the leg directly backwards. The fifth muscle, which moves the leg obliquely, has a broad and nervous origin at the outward head of the thigh-bone, and, passing obliquely down the thigh, terminates in the hinder part of the upper prominence of the leg-bone.

Of the muscles of the lower part of the leg or instep, two serve to lift them up. The first has a fleshy origin from the upper appendage of the leg-bone, a little below the stifle: it adheres close to the bone as it descends, and, passing beyond the cartilaginous or gristly part of the hock, is divided into two small tendons, which are inserted into the fore part of the instep bone. This, when it acts, raises the instep and foot upwards, and bends the hock at the same time. The second proceeds from the upper appendage of the leg, a little below the stifle, and terminates on the outside of the instep-bone, assisting the other in the above-said action, and at the same time inclining it somewhat outwards.

The *extensores*, or extenders of the foot, are three. The first rises with two heads from the inner and outer head of the thigh-bone, and, with the two following, answer to the muscles which compose the calf of the leg in men; namely, the *gastroenemius*, the *plantaris*, and *solaris*. The tendons of these three muscles uniting together, form the great tendon, or master-sinew, which is inserted into the back part of the ham, or the heel of the hock. It is called the *Tendo Achilles* in men. These muscles serve to stretch out the leg. The *plantaris*, or muscle of the sole, leaves the other two at the heel of the hock, and, passing along, sinewy, on the hind part of the instep-bone and pastern, runs under the annular ligament at the bend of the heel, by which it is kept in its place; then, turning fleshy, it spreads itself at the bottom of the foot, in the same manner as the *palmaris* in the fore front.

There are two muscles that move the leg and foot sideways: the first rises from the upper end of the leg-bone, below the stifle, and is inserted into the coffin-bone; it serves to turn the foot inwards. The other proceeds from the hinder part of the same bone, and, passing along the outside of the hock, is also inserted into the coffin-bone; and when it acts, it turns the foot obliquely outwards.

The *flexores*, or benders of the pastern and coffin-joint, are two: the first arises from the hinder part of the leg-bone, and passing down to the instep and pasterns, is inserted into the coffin-bone. The second arises a little below the hock, and is likewise inserted into the coffin-bone. The *extensores* are also two: the first rises from the shank, a little below the stifle, and is inserted into the coffin-bone. The second proceeds from the annular ligaments, on the upper part of the pastern joint, and is likewise inserted into the coffin-bone. These serve to extend the foot, and place it firmly on the ground.

Of the INTEGUMENTS *of a* HORSE.

THE *hair* needs no description, only it is observable that it is thicker and smoother in young horses than in the old. It is a great ornament, especially in those that have long manes and tails. When the skin has been wounded, burnt, or scalded, so as to destroy its texture,

texture, as soon as it is cured, a smooth cicatrix will succeed, and the spot will be left quite bare; or if the hair comes again, it is always white and weak in comparison of the former. Hence the jockies have learnt to make artificial stars in the foreheads of horses, when they have none naturally.

Next under the hair lies the *scarf-skin*, which it passes through. It covers all the true skin, and, as was observed before, is that which rises in a blister, when any part has been burnt, or scalded; as also in the farcy or other diseases of the skin. The matter of perspiration, so necessary to health, passes through its pores; and when they are stopt by a sudden change of air from hot to cold, many sorts of diseases may ensue; particularly fevers.

The *skin* or *hide* lies under the scarf-skin, and consists of a surprising texture of tendinous and nervous fibres, mixed with a great number of vessels. This texture will stretch every way, as is observable in mares with foal, and afterwards return again to its natural dimensions. Above this the papillæ are placed, which some make a distinct tegument, and call it the papillary body. It is composed of several eminences of a distinct figure, principally formed by the extremities of the nerves, which are distributed in the skin. They may be readily discovered when the scarf-skin is taken off: they are the organs of touching; and if they were not covered by the scarf-skin, which is insensible, every object of touch would excite pain. Under the skin the miliary glands are seated, which are exceedingly numerous, and are looked upon as the secretors of sweat.

Horses, and many other animals, have a fleshy panicle which lies under the skin, by means of which they can move the skin to shake off any thing that lies loose on the hair. It may readily be perceived on both sides of the neck, the sides of the belly, over the ribs and flanks, where the skin is loose and moveable. The fat lying under the skin is another tegument, which principally consists of a collection of membranous cells kept together by a common membrane called the *adipose membrane*. These cells are filled with an unctious liquor, which returns into the blood by ducts called adipose vessels, and serve to abate its acrimony. It is likewise of great use to render the muscles of the several parts of the body soft and supple, and consequently to enable them to perform their frequent and necessary motions without too much friction. It is thickest on the lower belly and hips, and between the interstices of the large muscles. It is sometimes pretty thick on the neck and cheeks; but is thin about the limbs, and in all dry boney parts.

Of the Contents of the Abdomen *or* Lower Belly.

When the *abdomen* is opened, the first thing that offers itself to view is the *peritoneum*, which is a kind of bag made of a thin membrane of pretty close texture, and yet capable of a considerable extension, and of returning to its former state. This bag contains the greatest part of the *viscera* of the lower belly, but in a particular manner. In several parts of the convexity there are several depressions, which form a kind of cell, which contain the viscera, within the *peritoneum*, namely, the guts, the stomach, the liver, the spleen, &c.

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The *ligaments* which serve to sustain most of these viscera, are nothing else but a particular kind of doubling of the *peritoneum*, accompanied with a portion of the cellular and membraneous web, filled with fat, which covers its external surface; such as the ligament of the liver, the spleen, the uterus, and *mesentery* itself which is the common ligament of the guts, and is formed by a doubling of the *peritoneum*, accompanied with its cellular web. This lies on the surface of the *peritoneum* throughout its whole extent; and is of a particular texture, consisting of several membraneous cells, by means of which the *peritoneum* is united to the sides of the belly. The part contained in this web, which may be seen without opening the *peritoneum*, are the *kidneys*, the *ureters*, the *bladder*, the *lower large blood vessels*, &c.

The internal surface of the *peritoneum* is smooth and sleek, and is continually kept moist by a ferocity which transudes through the pores throughout its whole extent. This moisture is necessary to render the motion of the intestines more easy, because otherwise the friction would cause a painful sensation.

The cellular web has four processes, two of which accompany the crural vessels, and the other two the spermatic vessels in horses. These processes have been generally supposed to be made by the *peritoneum*, but this is a mistake.

The *peritoneum* being opened, you may discover all the viscera of the lower belly. On the right side is the *liver*, the *gall-bladder*, and a part of the *colon*: on the left side the *spleen*, a part of the *colon*, the *caul*, the bottom of the *stomach*, and the *pancreas*: in the upper part you may perceive the two orifices of the *stomach*, the *gut duodenum*, the trunk of the *vena portæ*, the lower *vena cava*, and the *great artery*.

The *caul* lies uppermost over the intestines, and is a very fine membrane larded with fat, somewhat like net work; it reaches from the bottom of the stomach to the umbelical region. It resembles an apron tucked up. The fore part of it is connected to the bottom of the stomach, to the duodenum and the spleen; and the hind part to the colon. The use of it is to preserve the suppleness of the fibres of the guts, duodenum, and colon, to which it is connected: it sends sulphureous particles to the liver for the preparation of the bile, and by its unctuosity abates the acrimony of the blood.

The *œsophagus* or *gullet*, being a part of the intestinal canal which is extended from the mouth to the *anus*, may properly be taken notice of in this place. It reaches from the bottom of the mouth to the diaphragm; next to this is a sort of bag called the stomach; and the remainder hath the general name of intestines or guts. The gullet descends along the neck behind the wind-pipe: the upper part, which is a little dilated, is called the *pharynx*. It has four coats; the first is common to the neighbouring part; the second is fleshy, and is composed of longitudinal and circular fibres; and the third consists of nervous or tendinous fibres crossing each other every way; the fourth is called the villous coat; it is very porous, and always besmeared by a clammy liquor proceeding from the glands lying behind it.

(To be continued.)

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I RENT between 3 or 400l. a year, and have a freehold of about three or four score more, and yet d re not keep a greyhound to follow at my heels, about my land, nor a gun to shoot a partridge or a pheasant for my longing wife, but shall be severely trounced by my next great neighbour; whilst his game-keeper, who is one generally picked out for one of the best shots in the county, shall load his table with game, and some to spare for your town poulterers; but my poor son Tom, if found with a fowling-piece in his hand, though it is only to kill a crow that is pecking my lamb's eyes out, his gun shall be taken from him by this saucy game-keeper, and severely rebuked in the bargain by the squire. Now the squire himself never takes a gun in hand, though I don't grudge him eating what pheasants he pleases, for it is hard he should go without, because he don't approve of that rough exercise: but then 'tis as hard, I think, that we farmers, who have bred up a good store of this game, must be wholly denied a little recreation at some of our leisure times, which certainly are but few: for it is not we sort of people who destroy much game, nor the squire's hounds, nor game-keepers, so much as the little curs that follow the day-labourers, early in the spring and summer mornings, to the fields and woods; who, lighting upon the fresh taint, pursue the nests and haunts of these creatures, and by their expertness, (scarcely having any other way to live), will destroy more game in embrio than all the dogs and guns in the nation. I should think some of your learned correspondents might devise a method to prevent such general devastation, and procure us some little share of an amusement to which we so largely contribute.

Your's, &c.

A Norfolk Farmer.

Diss,

July 20, 1794.

The following decisions, though not absolutely relating to the general subjects of which the Sporting Magazine *is composed, yet may serve as a guide to those who have a desire to speculate.*

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

TUESDAY, JULY 22.

ANGERSTEIN *v.* ROBERTS, AND ANOTHER.

THIS was an action brought to recover the value of fifty lottery tickets, being the remainder of 250 tickets which the plaintiff contended the defendant had engaged to deliver to him. Before it was known who should be the proprietors of the last lottery, it was agreed between the plaintiff and the defendant, that if either of them should purchase the lottery, he should deliver to the other 250 tickets. The defendant purchased the lottery, but, as the usual scheme of dividing the lottery was not followed, and only 40,000 instead of 50,000 tickets formed the scheme, the defendant contended that the 200 tickets which he had delivered already, satisfied the spirit and true meaning of his agreement with the plaintiff,

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The single question between the parties was, whether the plaintiff under this agreement between him and the defendant, had a right to recover the remaining fifty tickets.

There was no difference between the parties as to any of the facts in the cause, they being admitted on both sides.

Lord Kenyon was clearly of opinion that this was an equitable performance of the contract on the part of the defendant, 200 tickets in a lottery, consisting only of 40,000 tickets, being equal to 250 tickets of a lottery where the number of tickets was 50,000. This being his Lordship's opinion, the plaintiff was nonsuited.

VAUGHAN *v.* JAMESON.

This was an action upon a policy of insurance. The defendant took of the plaintiff a premium of seven guineas, to return him one hundred guineas, if war was declared between this country and France within two months from the date of the policy. War was declared within the time, and therefore this action was brought to recover the money.

Lord Kenyon said, he thought he ought not to hear this cause: the contract was illegal, because it put one of the parties into a situation to entertain wishes hostile to the good of his country, and on that account the contract was such as a court of justice should not sanction.

It was then contended, on the part of the plaintiff, that although he could not by law recover the whole sum, according to the policy, yet justice demanded that he should have his own seven guineas back again.

This, we understand, his Lordship was about to assent to; but something appeared on the face of the policy which prevented it.

The plaintiff was nonsuited.

The following account of the new Piece exhibited at the Haymarket Theatre, ought in regular course, to have been inserted in our last; but a desire to present our Sporting Friends *with what we deemed more material to them, obliged us to defer it, which we hope will be considered as sufficient apology on our part.*

THE THEATRE.

HAYMARKET.

AULD ROBIN GREY.

A NEW entertainment was produced on Saturday evening, July 26. The characters are as follows:

Auld Robin Grey - -	Mr. Suett.
Jemmy - - - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Duncan - - - - -	Mr. Sedgwick.
Donald - - - - -	Mr. Davies.
Sandy - - - - -	Mr. Bland.
Steward - - - - -	Mr. Benson.
Pilot - - - - -	Mr. Barrett.
Jerry (the Piper) - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Rustic - - - - -	Mr. Cross.
Jenny - - - - -	Miss Leake.
Susan - - - - -	Miss De Camp.
Moggy - - - - -	Mrs. Bland.
Mother - - - - -	Mrs. Booth.

Jemmy and *Jenny* have been long attached to each other; but the poverty of the former having hitherto prevented their union, he at length comes to a resolution of seeking his fortune on the seas, and make his crown a pound. This resolution he communicates to *Jenny*, which is sanctioned by the *auld folks*, and he departs with their good wishes for

for a speedy and safe return.—He is scarcely gone, when *Susan*, disguised as a young shepherd, enters with an account of the loss of the sheep entrusted to her care, and she is succeeded by the entrance of *Sandy*, a country loon, likewise in the service of *Donald*, who informs them the cows have been borne away by a torrent; on this intelligence the mother falls sick, and *Donald* helping her into the house, (as the under plot afterwards relates) falls and breaks his arm. They are now destitute, and in affliction. The laird's stewards come on them for the rents, while *Donald* being unable to pay, is threatened with seizure: at this interval, *Auld Robin Grey* comes and relieves them, and the gratitude of *Jenny*, urged by the necessity of her parents, induces her, after a severe conflict betwixt love and filial affection, to sacrifice the former to the latter, and they proceed to celebrate the nuptials. In the interim, *Jemmy* is discovered: after a shipwreck, from which he finds a casket of gold, &c. and is taken on board by a vessel, in which is *Duncan*, the Scottish laird, then on his return to Scotland, where *Susan*, as before mentioned, is waiting in disguise, in anxious expectation of his arrival.—The scene then reconveys us to *Jenny*, with *Auld Robin*, &c. &c. going into church; they enter, and *Jemmy* returns at the moment, when all around inform him, that *Jenny* is wedded to *Auld Robin Grey*. He is about to depart in all the agonies of death, when *Jenny* is brought out fainting, and the auld gude mon, finding his mistake, joins the hands of the lovers. The episode of *Duncan* and *Susan* is well contrived, and the under plot between *Moggy*, a rustic servant, and who is living with *Donald*, and *Jerry*, a piper, just returned from London, and *Sandy*, the butt of the other two, is well managed and well conceived.—The scenery and music are very beautiful; the overture, in particular, deserves encomium, and Dr. Arnold has shewn his taste in the judicious selection of popular and favourite Scots tunes.—The new music likewise contains many airs likely to be popular; a son of Dr. Arnold is the author, and we are happy to add, that no piece was ever received with stronger marks of approbation.

The Game Laws relating to Angling, and Fresh-water Fish.

(*Continued from page* 205.)

BY the 5th *G.* 3, c. 14, it is enacted, that, if any person shall enter into any park or paddock fenced in, and inclosed, or into any garden, orchard, or yard, adjoining or belonging to any dwelling-house, in or through which park or paddock, garden, orchard, or yard, any stream of water shall run, or wherein shall be any river, stream, pond, pool, moat, stew, or other water, and by any means, or device whatsoever, shall steal, take, kill, or destroy, any fish bred or kept therein, without the consent of the owner thereof, or shall be aiding therein, or shall receive or buy any such fish, knowing them to be so stolen or taken as aforesaid, and shall be convicted thereof at the assizes, within six calendar months after the offence shall be committed, he shall be transported for seven years; and any offender, surrendering himself to a justice, or being apprehended

hended or in custody for such offence, or on any other account, who shall make confession thereof, and a true discovery on oath of his accomplice or accomplices, so as such accomplice may be apprehended, and shall on trial give evidence so as to convict such accomplice, shall be discharged of the offence so by him confessed, *s.* 1, 2.

And if any person shall take, kill, or destroy, or attempt to take, kill, or destroy, any fish in any river or stream, pond, pool, or other water (not in any park or paddock, or in any garden, orchard, or yard adjoining, or belonging to any dwelling-house, but in any other inclosed ground, (being private property) he shall, on conviction before one justice, on the oath of one witness, forfeit 5l. to the owner of the fishery of such river, pond, or other water; and such justice, on complaint upon oath, may issue his warrant to bring the person complained of before him; and if he shall be convicted before such justice, or any other of the county or place, he shall immediately pay the said penalty of 5l. to such justice, for the use of such person as the same is hereby appointed to be paid unto; and, in default thereof, shall be committed by such justice to the house of correction, for any time not exceeding six months, unless the forfeiture shall be sooner paid; or such owner of the fishery may, within six months, after the offence, bring an action for the penalty in any of the courts of record at Westminster. *Same sta. s.* 3, 4.

Provided, that nothing in this act shall extend to subject any person to the penalties thereof, who shall take, kill, and carry away, any fish in any river or other water, wherein such person shall have a right so to do. *s.* 5.

A conviction on this act was adjudged bad, because the words of the statute was not followed in the conviction, as in the case of *K. v. Corden, H.* 9, *G.* 3. The defendant was convicted on the oath of Martha Buxton, in the penalty of 5l. for fishing with a net in a stream called the Schoo Brook, and taking, killing, and destroying several fish, against the form of the statute in that case made and provided; the defendant not having *any just right or claim to take, kill, or carry away such fish*. The defendant, indeed, confessed the whole charge; but the court was of opinion, that this conviction was bad. They thought a strict hand ought to be held over these summary convictions, and that it should appear to the court that the justice hath jurisdiction, which in this case does not appear. Here is no complaint from the owner; nor does it even appear to have been *without his consent*; it ought at least to appear, that it was without his consent. This is plainly implied in the act of parliament; the giving the penalty to the owner shews it. Here it does not sufficiently appear, that this was private property, or who was the owner. The justice was informed, that Mr. Hayne is the owner; but the person who gave such information was not upon oath, and was therefore no witness. The ownership is not sufficiently charged; neither is it confessed; the confession goes no farther than the matter charged. The words in the conviction, "not having any just right or claim, to take, kill, or carry away any such fish," are too general. The proviso from whence they are taken, means to except such persons

sons who have a special right to fish in the fishery of another.—The offence intended in the conviction is, fishing in the fishery of Mr. Hayne, being private property. But all this might be done, for any thing that appears upon this conviction, *with the consent of the owner.* The fact ought to appear, so that the Court may be able to judge whether the conviction be agreeable to law. If the owner had been the complainer, that would have shewn his dissent; but this conviction is upon the complaint of Martha Buxton; and it does not appear that the defendant has been guilty of fishing in any water, being private property, *without the consent of the owner* And the conviction was quashed. *Burr. Mans.* 2279.

By the 9th *G.* 1. *c.* 22 (usually called the Black Act), if any person, being armed and disguised, shall unlawfully steal or take away any fish, out of any river or pond, or (whether armed and disguised or not) shall unlawfully and maliciously break down the head, or mound, of any fish-pond, whereby the fish shall be lost or destroyed, or shall rescue any person in custody for such offence, or procure any other to join with him therein, he shall be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A further Account of the ORIGIN *of the* GAME *of* CHESS, *from the French of* M. FREVET.

SPEAKING of this game in our first Volume, page 130, we said, "*If inquiry be made into the antiquity of this game, it will be found to be of Indian invention, &c.*" The following account, which we have with much difficulty obtained, will shew the authenticity of our observation, and, we doubt not, afford, both amusement and instruction to the admirers of it.

In the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian Æra, there was, in the Indies, a very powerful prince, whose kingdom was situated towards where the Ganges discharges itself into the sea. He took to himself the proud title of King of the Indies; his father had forced a great number of sovereign princes to pay tribute to him, and submit themselves under his empire. The young monarch soon forgot, that kings ought to be the fathers of their people; that the subjects love their king is the only solid support of his throne; that his paternal care alone can truly attach the people to the prince who governs them, and that in them consists all his strength and power; that a king without subjects would only bear an empty title, and would have no real advantage above other men.

The Brahmins and Kajahs, *i. e.* the Priests and Nobility, represented all these things to the King of the Indies; but he, intoxicated with the idea of his grandeur, which he thought was not to be shaken, despised their wise remonstrances. Their complaints and representations continuing, he was offended, and to revenge his authority, which he thought despised by those who dared to disapprove his conduct, he caused them to be put to death in torments.

This example affrighted others. They were silent, and the Prince, abandoned to himself, and, what was more dangerous for him, and more terrible to his people, given

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up to the pernicious counsels of flatterers, was hurried on to the last excesses. The people were oppressed under the weight of insupportable tyranny; and the tributary princes, persuaded that the King of the Indies, in losing the love of his people, had lost the very essence of his power and strength, were preparing to throw off the yoke, and to carry the war into his estates. Then a Brahmin, or Indian Philosopher, named Sissa, the son of Daher, touched with the misfortunes of his country, undertook to make the prince open his eyes upon the fatal effects which his conduct was likely to produce. But, instructed by the example of those, who had gone before him, he was sensible his lesson would not prove of any service, until the Prince should make the application of it to himself, and not think it was done by another. With this view, he invented the game of chess, where the king, although the most considerable of all the pieces, is both impotent to attack, as well as defend himself against his enemies, without the assistance of his subjects and soldiers.

The New Game soon became famous, the King of the Indies heard of it, and would learn it. The Brahmin Sissa, was pitched upon to teach it him, and, under the pretext of explaining the rules of the game, and shewing him the skill required to make use of the other pieces, for the king's defence, he made him perceive, and relish important truths which he had hitherto refused to hear. The King, endued naturally with understanding and virtuous sentiments, which the pernicious maxims of his flatterers and courtiers could not wholly extinguish, made an application himself of the Brahmin's lessons, and now convinced that in the peoples' love of their king consisted all his strength, he altered his conduct, and prevented the misfortunes that threatened him.

The Prince was sensibly touched, and gratefully left to the Brahmin the choice of his reward; he desired that the number of grains of corn, which the number of the squares of the chess-board should produce, might be given to him, one for the first, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling always to the sixty-fourth.

The King, astonished at the seeming modesty and reasonableness of the demand, granted it immediately, and without examination; but when his treasurers had made the calculation, they found that the King had engaged himself in a grant, for the performance whereof, neither all his treasures, nor his vast dominions, were sufficient. Then the Brahmin laid hold of this opportunity, to give him to understand, of what importance it was to kings to be upon their guard against those, who are always about them, and how much they ought to be afraid of their ministers abusing their best intentions.

The game of chess was not long confined to India, it passed into Persia, during the reign of Cosroes. The Persians looked upon it as a game to be made use of in all countries, to instruct kings at the same time that it amused them, as the name, which they gave it, signifies schertrengi, or schatrak. The game of schar, or king.

The names of many of the pieces of this game, which have no reasonable signification, but in the Eastern languages, confirm the opinion, we propose, of its

Eastern

Eastern original. The second piece of chess after the king, is now called the queen. The old French authors call it fierce, fierche and fierge, or fiercir.—Corruptions of the Latin fiercia, derived from the Persian ferz or firzin, the name of that piece in Persic; and signifies a minister or vizir. Of the word fierge, they have made, vierge virgo, and afterwards lady or queen. The resemblance of the words made this change very easy, and it seemed so much the more reasonable, because that piece is placed next to the king, and at its first moves, like the pawns, could only move two steps, which made it one of the least considerable of the board, as the authors of two ancient treatises of the game of chess acknowledge.

The constraint upon the lady of chess was displeasing to our forefathers, They looked upon it as a sort of slavery, more suitable to the jealousy of the Eastern people, than to the liberty which ladies have always enjoyed amongst us. They extended therefore the steps and prerogatives of that piece, and in consequence of the gallantry so natural to the Western people, the lady became the most considerable piece of all the game.

There was still an absurdity in this metamorphosis of the firzim or vizier into queen, and this incongruity remains yet to this day, without our taking notice of it.

When a pawn, or a simple soldier has traversed through the enemies', battalions, and penetrated so far as the last line of the board, he is not allowed to return back, but is honoured with the step and prerogatives of the queen.

If the ferzin or the fierge be a vizir, a first minister, or a general of an army, we can easily comprehend how a pawn or a simple soldier, may be elevated to their rank, in recompence of the valour, with which he has pierced through the enemies' battalions. But if the fierge be a lady, a queen, or the king's wife, by what odd metamorphosis does the pawn change his sex, and become a woman that was a soldier before? And how do they make him marry the king, in recompence of that valour, of which he has given such proofs? This absurdity proves that the second piece of chess has been *mal-apropos* called lady or queen, for what king ever became so enamoured of his first minister, as to marry him, and take him for better for worse, until death do them part.

The third piece of chess which we call the bishop; the French fool; the Spaniards, alferez; and the Italians, alfiere; serjeant, in the East, was of the figure of an elephant, and whose name it bore. The king, which is the fourth piece, has the same name and figure every where. The fifth piece, which we call the rook, and the French, tour, is called by the Eastern people, the rokh, and the Indians make it of the figure of a camel, mounted by an horsemen with a bow and arrow in his hand.

This name of rokh, which is common both to the Persians and Indians, signifies, in the language of the last, a sort of camel used in war, and placed upon the wings of their armies by way of light horse. The rapid motion of the piece, which jumps from one end of the board to the other, agrees so much the better, with this idea of it, as at first it was the onlypiece who had that motion.

The

The king, queen, and pawn, made but one step, the bishop but two, as well as the knight, neither of them going farther than the third square, including that which they quitted. The rook alone was unbounded in his course, which may agree to the lightness of the dromedary, but in no ways to the immobility of towers, or fortresses, the figures, of which, we generally give to those pieces. The sixth and last piece is the pawn or common soldier, which has been suffered to change.

The Chinese have made some alterations in this game, they have introduced new pieces under the name of cannons or mortars, the use of artillery and powder having been long known to them, before it was discovered by the Europeans. Tamerlane made yet greater changes in this game, and by the new pieces, which he invented, and the motions he gave them, he encreased the difficulty of a game, already too much complicated, to be looked upon as an amusement, but these additions have not been approved of, and the ancient manner of playing, each with sixteen pieces only, and upon a board of sixty-four squares, has taken place again.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE remedy for the bite of a mad dog, furnished by your correspondent *Benevolus*, and inserted in your last Number, may probably be a very good one; but as the following requires much less trouble, and of its good effects I have experienced so many instances among the *brute creation*, that I have great hopes that some of your ingenious correspondents may inform me, whether it may not, with equal success, be used by the human species.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your's, &c.
A. B.

August 2, 1794.

Take primrose roots, star of the earth, dry mouse ear, and green mouse ear, of each a handful, cut small, and well boiled in a quart of milk; add the black of one crab's claw finely powdered, sweeten it well with Venice or London treacle. A drench for one dog, &c. to be repeated three mornings successively, fasting: the sooner the better; for after the creature is once mad, notwithstanding what has been repeatedly advanced to the contrary, I believe there is no cure.

Star of the earth is generally found in old dry clay ground, that has been seldom or never ploughed; dry mouse ear, in old hedges or walls; green mouse ear is an herb that resembles the form of a mouse's ear, and is hairy on one side.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRAVELLER.

MR. Wilson, a gentleman of Cornwall, inherited an estate of about one thousand pounds a year in that county, at the age of twenty-three; and in the year 1741, the year after his father's death, set off for the Continent on his travels. He rode on horseback, with one servant, over the greatest part of the world. He first viewed every European country, in doing which he spent eight years. He then embarked

embarked for America, was two years in the northern part, and three more in South America, traveling as a Spaniard, which he was enabled to do from the extreme facility he had in that language. The climate, prospect, and some other circumstances of Peru, enchanted him so much, that he hired a farm, and resided near a year in it. His next tour was to the east; he passed successively through all the territories in Africa to the south of the Mediterranean, Egypt, Syria, &c. and all the dominions of the Grand Signior; went twice through Persia, once through the northern, and once through the southern provinces; over India, Indostan, and part of Siam and Pegu: and made several excursions to the boundaries of China, for several months each time. He afterwards, on his return, stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, penetrated far into Africa, and, on his return to the Cape, took the opportunity of a ship that went to Batavia, and from thence viewed most of the islands in the Great Indian Archipelago. Returning to Europe, he landed at Cadiz, and passed in a straight line from that place to Moscow, in his way to Kamschatka. He was in correspondence with several Cornish gentlemen, with whom he was at College, so late as the year 1783, when he was supposed to be preparing for Siberia. A gentleman who saw him at Moscow in that year, represented him as healthy, vigorous, and in all respects as hearty as other people at 46, though he was then in the 66th year. His friends have not yet ceased to hope, although eleven years have elapsed, that he may have settled in some remote part of the world, from which the difficulty of conveyance prevents their hearing.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHY.

POPE *the* USURER.

THE end of last month died, in the Fleet Prison, Benjamin Pope, Esq. in the 67th year of his age, after suffering an imprisonment of eleven years and about three months.

Mr. Pope was nearly as remarkable a character as that of old Elwes, of usurious and penurious memory. He was originally a tanner in Southwark, and dealt so largely and extensively in this branch, that his stock in trade was for many years supposed to be worth sixty or seventy thousand pounds.

In the latter part of his time in this trade, and when he was well known to be worth *a plumb*, he took to the lending of money, discounting, and buying annuities, mortgages, &c. In this branch of business, it appears, Mr. Pope was not so successful as in his former trade; for the name of *Pope the usurer* every now and then appears in the proceedings of our Courts of Law, when our sages in the law commonly differed widely from Mr. Pope in their opinion of his practices in this branch of business. — The most remarkable, and the last instance of this sort was, when he was cast in 10,000*l.* damages for some usurious or illegal practices, in some money transactions with Sir Alexander Leith.

This was generally thought a *smart sentence*, and, perhaps, the well known, and well scouted character of the man, contributed not a little towards it. Mr. Pope himself thought it so oppressive and unjust, that he never in all his life afterwards left off complaining loudly of it, and even

even printed a case, setting forth the hardship and great loss he suffered.—At first, Mr. Pope, to be up with his plaintiff, went abroad to France with all his effects and property, where a man in his advanced years, ample fortune, and without any family but his wife, a most worthy and well-respected woman, might certainly have lived very comfortably; but Mr. Pope abroad, was removed from his friends and customers: and his money being idle, which was always considered by him as a great misfortune, he resolved to come home; and, to shew his resentment (as he said to all this oppression) submitted to imprisonment rather than pay the money. This he did most heroically, and has suffered the long imprisonment of eleven years and three months.

In the course of this time, Mr. Pope's affairs wore very different complexions, and at one time he might have got his liberty for a thousand pounds; but he remained inflexible, and sent them word, *That this would be acknowledging the justness of their debt, which he would die sooner than do*; and he kept his word. Mr. Pope, in prison, had many opportunities of indulging those propensities he had all his life been remarkable for; he looked always at the pint pot of small beer, before he paid for it, to see that it was full; a measure that in him was somewhat excusable, as the pint lasted him generally two days, water being his common drink; and as to strong beer, it used to be a note of admiration, among his fellow prisoners, when he drank any with them at their apartments: but as for his sending for any for himself, of that he never was guilty. His three-farthing candle he always bought by weight, that is, had the heaviest of six, eight, or ten, for his money.

In all this time, near twelve years, he has never had a joint of meat on his table: his greatest luxury was a groat plate from the cook's shop, and that served him for two meals generally; but in these points he was not much at a loss; for his family, though living at a great distance, knowing of his penurious disposition, sent to him frequently a very comfortable and proper supply; and on these occasions, he has even been known, sometimes, to give some leavings to his errand girl, or some distressed object.

To do justice to so eccentric a character as Mr. Pope, it is proper to state, that, while in trade, he had early begun the benevolent practice of giving away, every week, a stone, and better, of meat, among his workmen and poor neighbours; and this practice he never left off, not even when he was every day weighing his candle, or looking after the measure of his small beer.

In many transactions Mr. Pope suffered many frauds and impositions in prison; as he had not that scope of customers in his confined state, and always bent upon making the most of his money, he was more easily imposed upon; so that he is supposed to have lost, by such means, more money than would have paid his debt and costs, large as they were.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

A Friend, who was travelling last year, between Bradford, in Yorkshire, and Kendal,

dal, was witness to a scene of mirth and festivity which took place in one of the delightful villages with which that country abounds, in consequence of the nuptials of two villagers.

What induces me more particularly to send it *you* is, that it will introduce to the notice of your *sporting readers*, a *race* which I much doubt whether they ever before heard of: it is called

THE RACE OF KISSES.

As my friend's descriptive talents far exceed mine, I shall give his own words.

"Rustic happiness was afloat; the girls faces were tinged beyond their native bloom, and the maidens' blush enlivened the lilies around them. The mens legs and arms were as busy, as if they had hung on wires. In an instant, half a dozen youths pulled off their shoes and stockings, when I noticed their legs had been previously girt with party-coloured ribbons. On being started by the bride, they spanked off as hard as they could, amidst the whoops of the young and old. This, I understand, is a *race of kisses*: and he who first reaches the bride's house, is rewarded with a kiss and a ribbon. If they were to have been rewarded by a bag of gold, they could not have looked more eager; they took different roads, without heeding the rough stones they had to encounter; and which we were told, were previously agreed upon, in proportion to the known swiftness of the candidates. We regretted that we could not stay to see the result of this hymeneal race; and left them in the midst of their mirth, after a donation which would not take from it, but which was only received, on condition of mutually drinking healths, and our accepting a ribbon a-piece. I got upon the top of the coach to look at them as long as I could. Marrowbones and cleavers could not express half the hilarity which we witnessed: and when the coach set off, they gave us *breasts full* of huzzas. We answered them with such sincerity, I shall have a *twist* in my hat as long as it lasts; and for some time after we left them, we heard bursts of noise."

I am an admirer of your indefatigable zeal for the promotion of *sporting knowledge*, and shall therefore deem myself bound to collect such materials as I think worthy of notice, and become an occasional

CORRESPONDENT.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DECISIONS ON THE GAME LAWS AT THE HAMPSHIRE SUMMER ASSIZES, 1794.

THE KING *v.* BLUNDELL.

A PROSECUTION was preferred against Mr. Blundell, for shooting at, and destroying game, without licence or certificate; but it was proved that this man went out with a party for the purpose of shooting rabbits only, but that the dogs started a hare, at which one of the party shot; but at the same time it was proved, that this Blundell had no gun whatever, nor did any one of the dogs belong to him, wherefore the jury gave their verdict for the defendant.

THE KING *v.* GROVE.

An action was brought by the Commissioners of Stamps against

 Mr.

Mr. Grove, a butcher, at Hartley-row, for the recovery of two penalties, one of 5l. for using a gun and dogs for the purpose of destroying game, and not being qualified; the other of 20l. for not having taken out a certificate. The only witness in support of the prosecution, was Sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, who not being able to prove that the defendant had killed any game, or that he was really in pursuit of game, and it being contended that he had a right to use his dogs and gun for the purpose of killing rabbits, woodcocks, &c. the jury found a verdict for the defendant, acquitting him of all the penalties, and of every expence.

Female Jockey Club.

Its Publisher *prosecuted for a* Libel *on* Lady Elizabeth Luttrell.

On Tuesday, July the 29th, was tried at Guildhall, an action brought by Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, (sister to the Duchess of Cumberland) against D. Eaton, bookseller, for publishing a libel on her character, in a pamphlet, entitled "The Female Jockey Club."

Mr. Erskine, as Counsel for the Crown, prefaced his speech with observing, that the whole composition, of which the attack on the character of Lady Elizabeth Luttrell composed a part, was the most virulent, the most abusive, and the most scandalous, the present, or perhaps, any age, had ever produced. It was a sequel to another infamous work by the same author, which by it only could be excelled, by infamy and scandal. The "Jockey Club" had ransacked the male world, and after abusing every thing valuable, the author finding nothing further to bespatter with his venom, had turned his attention to the female part of society. The Female Jockey Club was written for the avowed purpose of wounding the feelings, and hurting the reputation of several of the most virtuous, most amiable, and most respectable women in the country.

Among these, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell had been selected, as worthy of becoming, in a peculiar degree, an object for the envenomed shafts of malignant rancour. But Lady Elizabeth had not alone to complain of him—the greatest and most amiable females in the nation, could not by their virtues be shielded from his virulence.—The Queen herself, the august consort of our most gracious Sovereign, could not find herself by her rank, or the well-deserved love of the English people, secured from falsehood and misrepresentation.

Mr. Gurney, as Counsel for the defendant, addressed the jury in a speech at some length, and endeavoured to draw a distinction between the defendant, who was the publisher only, and a Mr. Charles Pigott, who, he said, was the author.

As the indictment, however, charges him with publishing it with a malicious intention, he conceived that it was not proved. It was impossible for a bookseller to read over every line of each work he published, with a lawyer's eye. If that were imposed on them, it would lock up the human faculties, and science would be shorn of its brightest beams.

Lord Kenyon was clearly of opinion, that this was a gross libel; but he desired the jury to form their own opinion upon the subject.

The

The Jury retired, and were out above an hour and an half, and returned their verdict—" Guilty of publishing this book, which is a libel."

Lord Kenyon—" Take the verdict—Guilty."—" Gentlemen of the Jury: really upon this evidence, it would have been a reproach to the administration of justice, if the verdict in this case had not been guilty. No man living, feeling the obligation of an oath, could possibly entertain a doubt of it."

It is only necessary to add, that the libel suggested that her ladyship had lived a wicked and scandalous life, and had indulged herself in a criminal intercourse with different men, &c.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE old book from which I have copied the under description of the various kinds of hounds, fell into my hands some time back. It is entitled* " The Noble Art of Venerie, or Hunting," printed in the year 1550. I have nat attempted to modernize the language, thinking, if it is deemed worthy of insertion in your entertaining performance, the original will be most approved of. One matter only, I beg further to mention, and that is, it will, in my opinion, clear up many doubts that have arisen respecting the origin, and who first brought hounds into England.

I am, Gentlemen,

I. C. A. B.

Dublin,
July 26th, 1794.

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* We rather think this is the work mentioned by our correspondent OBSERVATOR—see page 206 of our last.

Of the RACE *and* ANTIQUITIE *of* HOUUNDS, *and who first brought theme* into FRAUNCE.

I HAVE thought good diligently to looke (as well in to the works of antiquitie as also in those of our tyme) from whence the first race of hounds did come into France, and I never found chronicle nor historie that seemeth to speake of greater continuance than one which I saw in Bryttaine, wrytten by one whose namme was John of Monmouth, an Englishman; the which doth treat, how after the piteous and dreadfull destruction of Troy, Æneus arrived in Italie with his sonne Ascanius, (which was afterwards king of the Latines) and begatte a sonne named Silvius, of whome Brutus descended, which loved hunting exceedingly. Now it came to passe, that Sylvius and Brutus beyng one day in a forest, hunting a harte, they were overtaken with night, and seeing the harte pass before them, almoste spente by the hounds, they went towards him, to kill him, but fortune was suche to Brutus, (as God woulde) that whileste he meante to kill the harte by glauncing of his arrowe, he killed his father Silvius, which thing caused the people to be moved, and to mutine against him, thinkin that he had done it of malice and desire to reygne, and to have the governmente of the realme. In such sorte, that to avoyde their great furie and indignation, Brutus was constrained to go out of the countries, and undertook a voyage to Greece, to delyver certayne Trojans, his companions and allyes, whiche were yet there detayned in captivitye since the destruction of Troye; which voyage he accomplished by force of armes; and when he had delivered

vered them, hee assembled a greate number of the same Troyans, whom he caused to take an othe, that as well for the dishonor whiche they had receyved, as also for the irreapparable losse and damage of their goods, and for the lamentations and dole which they had cause to make for their kinsfolks and friendes which had been slaine in the cruel warres of Troye, they should never returne into their countrie. Then did they cause to be rygged and trimmed a great number of shippes wherein he embarked hymselfe, and all his men, and tooke with hym a greate number of houndes and greyhoundes; afterwardes he sailed so long, till he passed the streyghts of Gibraltare, entering the ocean seas, and descended into the Isles of Armorie, which at present is called Britannie, in France, by reason of his name, which was Brutus, which hee conquered without resistance, and was therein peaceable by the space of four yeares, and afterwards tooke shipping again, and landed at Totness, in the west of this noble realme (England) whereupon, after his conquests made here over certaine giants, one of his Captains called Corineus did buyld the chiefe towne of Cornwalle. But to returne unto his deeds in Brytaynie, where they were setteld, and had inhabyted the said country, Brutus and his sonne Turnus went dayly on hunting in the greate forreste, whyche contayned then in length from Tyffauge unto Poytiers, whereupon one parte of countrie is called to this presante, Gastine. Now, at the time, there reygned in Poyctou and Acquitaine, a king named Groffarius Pictus, who made his continuall residence in Poyctiers, and was one day advertised that the Troyans did greatly exercise themselves in hunting; and that they hunted in his forrestes with such a kind of dogges, as after they had once found a harte, they never lefte him tyll they brought hym to death. Whereupon king Groffarius having hearde such newes, was moved exceeding angrie, in such sorte, that hee determined to make warres wyth them, and assembled all his forces. The Troyans being advertised of suche an assembly marched alonge the Ryver of Loyre, with all their puyssance, and mette theyr enemies at a place where the citie of Toures is presently situated, and where they geve battaile, in the which Turnus, cousine to Brutus, (or, as some chronicles say, Turnus, the eldest sonne of Brutus) was slain, and in remembrance of hym, the sayde citie was buylt, and by the name of Turnus, was called Tours.

I have thought goode to recoumpte this historie, that men may thereby understand, that it is longe since houndds have bin used in Bretaigne, and I thinke certainly that these Troyans were the first which brought the race of hounds into this countrie.—For I find no history which maketh mention of longer continuance than that doeth; and it is a thing moste certaine, that the greatest parte of the races of hounds which are in Fraunce, and other countries adjoining, did come from the country of Bretaigne, excepting the race of white hounds, the which I think to be come from Barbary, for being sometimes at Rochell, I have enquired of many pylottes and mariners; and amongst others, I enquired of an olde man named Alfonce, who had oftentimes bene in the court of

a Bar-

a Barbarian king, called the Doncherib, which used muche hunting, and principallie in hunting the rayndeare at force. And this old man tolde mee, that all the houndes of this kennell were whyte, and that all the dogges of that countrie were such also, and surely I think, indeed, that the whyte dogges are comme out of the hot countries, forasmuche as they gyve not over their chace, how hotte so ever it bee; whereas other dogges doe not holde out so in heate. Phœbus doth also agree with this opinion, saying, that hee hath bene in Mauritayne, otherwise called Barbarie; whereat hee hathe seene the rayndeare kylled at force, with dogges which they call baux, which gyve not over their chace for any heate that is. Whereupon myne opinion is, that the race of whyte dogges is comme of those dogges called baux of Barbarie, of the whiche Phœbus doeth speake. I wyll sette downe none other thyng of the antiquitie of hounds, but I will write hereafter of the nature and complexions, as well white hounds, as of fallowe, dunne, and black, which sortes are most commodious for princes and gentlemen.

OF THE NATURE AND COMPLEXIONS OF WHYTE HOUNDS CALLED BAUX OR GREFFIERS.

THE whyte hounds have bene brought into estimation in Fraunce by the Lord Greate Senechal of Normandie that was and before him they were in small estimation principally amongst gentlemen; for as muche as they serve not genralie for all chaces, but only for the harte. The first of this race was called Souyllarde, the which was given by a poor gentleman, to king Lewes deceased, who made no great accoumpte of him, because he loved the dunne hounds above all others, of the whiche all his kennell was, and he made no accoumpte of others, unless it was to make blood houunds of. The Seneschall Gaston beyng present when the gentleman offered this dogge, knowing well that the king loved not the houund, did beg it of the king, to make a present unto the wisest lady of his realme; and the king asked him who that was (quoth he) Anne of Bourbon, your daughter. I agree not with you, (quoth the king) in that you have named her the wisest, but you may say less foolish than others. Whereas there are few wise women in the worlde. Then the king gave the dogge to the Seneschall Gaston, who lsd him not farre before he was begged of him; for the great Seneschall of Normandie did so importunately crave him, that he was constrayned to grant him; afterwards the Lord Great Seneschall gave the hounde in keeping to a hunter calld James of Brhsé, and from that tyme forwarde, they began to have bitches lin'd by that dogge, and so to have a race of them. The next year following, the Ladie Anne of Bourbon, which loved hunting exceedingly understanding the beauty and goodness of this dogge, sent a bitch to be lin'd by him two or three times, whereupon they engender'd fifteen or sixteen dogges, and amongst the rest, sixe that were excellent, called Clerault, Joubard, Miraud, Meigrett, Marteau, and Hoyse, the good bitch Sithens the race did greatly increase, as it is at this present, altho' at the beginning, the dogges of that race were not so strong

strong as they be at this present time; for the mightie king Frances enforce them by a fallow dogge, called Myrauld, the which Monsieur Anybauld, the admiral, did give unto him, and afterwards the Queen of Scottes gave the king a whyte dogge called Barraude, from the whiche Marconnay, lieutenant of the chace, did get his race of dogges whiche are excellent, and much stronger than the rest were; and to speake truley, suche dogges are most proper for princes, and with such they ought to bee served, for as much as they are fayre gallant hunters, lustie rangers, and good of scent, which give not over their chace for any heate that is, and are not easely overlaid, or broken with thonge of riders, nor for the noise and cry of many men who do daylie attende princes on hunting, and keep their chace better without chaunge than any other kind of dogges, and are better to trust unto. Neverthelesse they muste be accompanied with horsemen, and do fear the water a little, especially in the winter, when it is cold. I will not forget to set downe what dogges of that race are best, for as much as in every litter that one half dothe not prove good; understand then, that those whiche are all of one colour (as all whyte) are the best hounds; in lyke manner those which are spotted with redde, the others whiche are spotted with black or dunne, are of small value, of the whiche some of them are subject to fatte feet, great and tender; sometimes nature doth so worke, that it maketh some to come out all black, the whiche happeneth not often, but when it dothe so happen, they are commonley seen good, and you must note that the dogges of that sort are not in their chief goodness untill they be three years old, or thereabouts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

READING in your last number the well-drawn character of HIPPONEUS, the Jockey Clergyman, I am induced to send you the following character of a *Gentleman Jockey*, which, if you will do me the favour to insert in your next Number, it will much oblige,

Your's, &c.

N. O.

Aug. 10, 1794.

WHENEVER you meet young PHAETON, and accost him with the usual enquiries respecting his health, he will answer you "his dam was got by EPICURE, his grand dam by MATCH'EM, his great grand dam by KING FERGUS, his great, great, great grand dam by ROCKINGHAM, out of the OLD MOUND barb mare." Have you any running horses to sell?—or match—you may do either with young PHAETON, upon a footing the most agreeable; three or four hundred pounds are no more to him than as many farthings.—PHAETON has seldom fewer racers in his string than twenty, all of them of the highest mettle, and PHAETON's most intimate friends. He is none of your half-bred jockies, but improves in *training*, and if he goes on improving, he will certainly, in his old age be a jockey, *in an exceeding high form*.—If you meet PHAETON on the road, whether on

on horseback, or in his curricle—'tis all one—it will be full gallop; his servants are always mounted on coach-horses, but, any others than those who have signalized themselves on the Turf, it would, in the opinion of PHAETON, be disgraceful for him to drive; in short, wherever he goes, a race is before his eyes.—You ask him, whither he is going in such haste?—what a question!—*to see his friends*, to be sure! And the next day, if you happen to be going the same road, you will most likely observe him returning *after having seen them*;—you don't comprehend the pleasure of looking at beasts—well, if you are so dull, it is no fault of mine: it will be in vain to recommend to your contemplation his beautiful stud, having neither penetration to see, nor taste to enjoy this diversion; you never will comprehend their peculiar graces, but PHAETON enjoys them all, and next to his horses, their feeder is particularly noticed by him; were you to meet them together, it would put you in mind of the two kings of *Brentford*—they always whisper, no matter whether there is any one near, or if any secret, whenever they are together—they are always whispering. Indeed, if there was a secret, and you were near enough to be a listner, there would be nothing got by it, as their language is that of a jockey, and you will find it nearly as intelligent as that of a horse. PHAETON is an adept you see, he is deep in the mystery—he is indeed a jockey. You ask why he does not rather become a politician, and make a figure in public life? This question it is not in my power to answer you, whether it is *party prejudice*, or what it is, I am a stranger to, but it never occupies his thoughts: — well, then you will say as he is young, some gallantries with fine women might find him employment;—bless me, but suppose he has no taste for them!—I tell you PHAETON is a jockey—a very jockey—and every time he awakes, he says "gives me another horse."

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE incongruous adoption of the cat and chicken, noticed in a former number of your entertaining Publication, brought to my mind the following curious circumstance I was an eye-witness to:

Being at Southampton (at the George, then kept by Mr. W. Budd) a few summers ago, I observed a large drake in the kitchen, and upon inquiry found it had been brought in when small, and petted by the cook, whom it used to follow about like a dog. I have often seen it pecking and eating the meat as it was roasting by the fire; and what is still more extraordinary, it had the greatest aversion to water. Indeed I saw it run away in the greatest fright from a storm of rain, and march up to the fire to dry itself. The two Miss B's, sisters to Mr. B. (two antique virgins) had a little bitch of the King Charles's breed, with whom this drake laid, (in a box kept on purpose) and for whom it had the greatest attachment; and who I often saw trying to tread it.

The above relation, improbable as it may appear, may be relied on as a fact, having been in, and resorting the house upwards of three months. Your's, &c.

I. A. C. B.

THE

FEAST OF WIT:

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL

MR ERSKINE, some time since, happened to meet a noted attorney of his acquaintance who had been for some time ill, "How do you do?" said Erskine. "Alas!" replied the attorney, "I am very much altered of late. Indeed I am not the *same man I was* twelve months ago."—"I am heartily glad to hear it," rejoined the barrister; any *alteration in you* must needs be for the better, for truly you cannot be much *worse* than when I saw you last."

SARCASM.

A performer in Drury-lane theatre, of some vocal eminence, was some sime since telling Charles Bannister of the benefit he and his brother received from drinking *ass's milk*. "We are regularly supplied with it every morning," said he, "and how do you think we get it?"—"Oh, very easily, no doubt," replied the wit, "I suppose you *suck each other*."

SAD SUPERSTITION.

In a conversation respecting the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius, a Neapolitan nobleman took occasion to observe that he had himself, within these few years, built an elegant palace at Portici. "You are a bold man," replied one of the company; "for knowing that *Herculaneum*, over which *Portici* is built, was buried in an eruption of the year seventy-nine, you cannot be sure, but what happened seventeen hundred years ago, may also happen again."—"That might be," replied the other, "if we were in the condition of our Pagan predecessors; but thank God! my friend, we have now the *head of St. Januarius!!!*"

Sir Boyle Roche proposed, some time ago, in the Irish House of Commons, that government should erect granaries, by which means, if the defenders persevered in disturbing the country, they could, without bloodshed, be *starved to death*; this (continued the grave orator) will teach them manners for the future, and make them *live for ever afterwards* dutiful and obedient subjects!

BON MOT.

When Lady W-ll-ce was first told that there was a serious misunderstanding between a certain per-

personage and his *chere amie,* she said, "Oh, never mind; all that is of little consequence. A contest between these parties is always likely to end in a *drawn battle.*"

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL CUSTINE.

The shameful terror displayed by this able officer when he came in sight of the *guillotine,* and the pitiful shifts by which he endeavoured to delay the moment of execution, were so much at variance with his former life and character, as to cause the utmost surprise in every spectator.

An old soldier who stood near him, quite ashamed of his weakness, could not help exclaiming, "Courage! General, and die like a man. How can you betray such fear, who so often in the field had the courage to look death in the face?" The pale and trembling victim was not emboldened by this address, but thus piteously replied: "That I have often faced both death and danger is very true; but alas my friend, *Death never stared at me before.*

The following laconic advertisement for a place, was stuck up a few days ago at the Royal Exchange:—"An honest servant would be glad to find an honest master."

An advertisement, in a late Dublin paper, announces a *lady's* having opened the best hotel in the city. After expatiating on the superior quality of her swan-down *beds,* her genuine lamb's-wool *blankets,* the excellence of her wines, &c. a *nota bene* informs the public, "there is a back door, for the convenience of gentlemen who are averse to *visit* in public!—There is certainly very little sophistication in this address; it is almost the *thing* itself.

ANECDOTE.

A gentleman, at a coffee-house not a hundred miles from Charing-Cross, the other day, took up a newspaper, in which was inserted the names of those persons who had taken out certificates under the GAME ACT, and observing under the name of the deputy clerk of the peace, the letters D. C. P. was very inquisitive among the company to know their meaning, "why," says an old clergyman, "in the present instance they stand for *damn'd chattering puppy*: which happily hitting off the prominent characteristic of the person in question, caused no small diversion to the company.

A general court-martial has been held on some men of the 8th light dragoons, accused of having robbed and committed a rape on a woman at Antwerp. The sentence is not yet known; but the woman said, "*S'ils m'avoient demande honettement, je ne les aurois pas refuses.*"—"If they had asked me civilly, I should not have refused them."

A British officer lately gave his opinion to the commandant of a Dutch fort, that the place was not calculated to make an obstinate *defence.* "We don't mind that," replied Mynheer, "if our towns are capable of making a good *capitulation,* it is as much as we look for."

A gentleman was complaining the other day, that he did not see the expected creation of a Marquisate in favour of Earl Howe, in

in the list of new peerages: "You would not surely," said another, "have the gallant admiral confounded with the new *peers:* why, Sir, he is *peerless.*"

In the late naval engagement a brave, but œconomical seaman on board the Royal Charlotte, had his leg separated from his thigh by a cannon-ball, just at the knee: some of his shipmates had taken up Jack's leg, and were going to throw it overboard, when he called out, "D——n my eyes, you may do what you please with the leg, but give me the silver buckle out of the shoe."

BON MOT.

There are some men who sport with disgrace. A person who was publicly horse-whipped, was asked by another, "How he could suffer himself to be treated like a cypher, &c." "Like a *cypher,*" he replied, "you never saw a *cypher* in your life with so many *strokes* to it."

An attorney lately sent a bill in to his client, in which, amongst several other *items,* he charged him three guineas for reading an *illegible* piece of writing.

Voltaire, who knew his countrymen very well, does not scruple to assert that—The French "are all monkeys or tigers." If this observation be just, it must be the monkeys that emigrated, and the tigers that went fighting to Flanders. It is not, therefore, surprising the Prince of Cobourg is less successful in this than he was in the war against the *Porte;* for the same man who could master a *Turk* may be a very bad match for a *Tiger.*

ANECDOTE.

A drummer, who, according to military custom, was ordered to flog a soldier, in execution of the sentence of a court-martial, positively refused to do so, alledging that the office did not belong to him, as he could prove by the articles of war. The military code was consequently brought, and the drummer turned with an air of triumph to the particular article, which declared that all persons guilty of the offence in question should receive *corporal* punishment. "You see (said he) that it is the *corporal's* duty, and not mine.

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

When the late *Dr. Graham* (of *celestial* memory) was *practising* in Cumberland, one of his patients bargaining with the Doctor for *health and long life,* would gladly have stipulated for a daily allowance of *Nantz,* or *gin* and *bitters,* in which he had been accustomed to indulge himself pretty freely, and thought it had a pleasing effect in *warming* his *stomach.* The Doctor was peremptory for a total abstinence from the "*fiery fluid,*"—the "*liquor of hell,*"—and so forth.—The patient, finding this eminent dispenser of these inestimable blessings was inflexible to his entreaties, ventured to ask "if he might not just make use of his present stock, and then *leave off?*" What stock have you?" said the Doctor.—"Only about three gallons," replied the man. *Only* three gallons! (exclaimed the Doctor) you have enough for the remainder of your life, and to supply your *funeral* very decently at the end of it."

A RE-

A Remarkable Instance *of the* Fidelity *of a* Dog, *as related by* M. Huet, *Bishop of* Avaranches.

IN a village situated between *Caen* and *Vire*, on the borders of the district called *The Grove*, there dwelt a peasant of surly untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, insomuch that the neighbours were frequently obliged by her outcries to interfere, in order to prevent further mischief. Being at length weary of living always with one whom he hated, he resolved to make away with her. He pretended to be reconciled, altered his conduct, and on holidays invited her to walk out with him into the fields, for pleasure and recreation.

One evening in summer-time, after a very hot day, he carried her to cool and repose herself on the borders of a spring, in a place very shady and solitary. He pretended to be very thirsty; the clearness of the water tempted them to drink; he laid himself down on his belly, and swilled large draughts of it, highly commending the sweetness of the water, and advising her to refresh herself in a like manner. She believed him, and complied—as soon as he perceived her in that posture, he threw himself upon her, and plunged her head into the water, in order to drown her. She struggled hard, but could not have saved herself, had it not been for the assistance of a dog, who used to follow, was fond of her, and never left her company; he immediately flew upon the husband, seized him by the throat, made him let go his hold, and saved the life of his mistress.

Observations *on the* Leech Worm, *by a Gentleman who kept one several Years, for the purpose of a Weather-glass.*

A PHIAL of water, containing a leech, I kept on the frame of my lower sash chamber window, so that when I looked in the morning, I could know what would be the weather the following day.

If the weather should prove serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form.

If it rains, either before or after noon, it is found crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner gallops through its limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days before, it lodges almost continually without the water, and discovers uncommon uneasiness, in violent throws, and convulsive-like motions.

In frost, (as in clear summer weather) it lies constantly at the bottom; and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial.

What reason may be assigned for them, I must leave to philosophers to determine; this one thing is evident, that it must be affected in the same way with that of the mercury and spirits in the weather-glass, and has doubtless a very surprising sensation that the change of weather, even days before, makes a visible alteration upon its manner of living.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to note, lest any of the curious should

should try the experiment, that the leech was kept in a common eight-ounce glass phial, about three-fourths filled with water, and covered at the mouth with a bit of linen. In the summer, the water should be changed once a week, and in winter, once a fortnight.

This is a weather-glass that may be purchased at a very trifling expence, and which will last many years.

Death *of the* Hare.

OUR very valuable correspondent, Acastus, has, in his different communications in the course of our Work, expatiated with great ability on the subject of Hare Hunting; and although we are well convinced that the *elegant Engraving of the Death of the Hare,* which we now present our Subscribers with, can make no addition to his ingenious remarks, yet we think that the decoration for our present Number, cannot be drawn from a better source; and we trust that we are not alone in this opinion.

Account of the Animals, *&c. in the Island of* Corsica.

IT is not the province of the Editors of the Sporting Magazine, to trouble their readers with any remarks on the advantages or disadvantages that may be the consequence of the newly-acquired Kingdom of Corsica; but as the known spirit of enterprise which characterises the inhabitants of our own country, may draw many of our sporting friends thither, an account of the different animals who are hunted by the natives, we trust, will afford satisfaction to our readers.

The forests of this island abound in deer: and there is here a curious animal, called a Muffoli. It resembles a stag, but has horns like a ram, and a skin uncommonly hard. It is very wild, and lives on the highest mountains, where it can hardly be approached, it is so nimble. It will jump from rock to rock, at the distance of many feet: and, if hard chased, to the extremity of a cliff, from whence it can reach no other, it will throw itself over, and with surprising agility pitch upon its horns, without receiving any hurt. Yet when these creatures are taken young, they are very easily tamed. M. de Marbœuf, the French commander at the time I was in Corsica, had then one of them: and there are now two of them at Shugborough, in Staffordshire, the seat of Mr. Anson, who has a rich assemblage of what is curious in nature, as well as of what is elegant in art.

The Corsican animals in general appear wild to strangers.—Polybius gives us a reason for it. All the animals in the island, appear to be wild on this account, that it is so rude and steep, and so thick set with trees, that the shepherds are not able to follow their flocks. The wild boar is found here in great plenty. Indeed, their swine, which are very numerous, have all a mixture of the wild breed, and being fed on chesnuts, they are agreeable food.

The Corsicans are very fond of the diversion of hunting the wild boar, for which there is here a race of dogs particularly excellent. They have smooth hair, and

Cook sculp

Death of the Hare.

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and are something between a mastiff and a strong shepherd's dog. They are large, and exceeding fierce; but when once they have taken an attachment, they are very faithful to their master, watch him night and day, and are most undaunted in his defence.

There are hares enough in Corsica, but no rabbits; though Polybius, when talking of the animals of this island, says, there are rabbits; and is very minute as to their form and qualities; saying, that at a distance one would take them to be little hares, but when they are caught, a great difference is perceived, both in their appearance and taste. There are here no wolves, nor any of the larger wild beasts, unless foxes can be reckoned so, which are here indeed extremely large and ravenous. It is said, they not only destroy sheep, but have been known to devour even foals.

There is also a variety of birds in Corsica; the eagle, the vulture, wood-pigeon, turtle, thrush, blackbird, and many of the smaller species; and plenty of game; as partridges, woodcocks, snipes, and water-fowl in the lakes. The poor thrushes, and blackbirds too, must be reckoned as part of the game, for they are very numerous; and, from there being a great quantity of the arbutus fruit in the island, they are exceedingly fat, and are esteemed a particular delicacy. It is barbarous to destroy, for the mere luxury of the table, birds which make such fine music; surely their melody affords more enjoyment than what can be had from eating them. They are, however, a very common dish in the southern countries, particularly in France.

CRIM. CON.

TRIAL AT WORCESTER.

Before Mr. Justice Heath, and a Special Jury.

WAKEMAN *v.* WILLIAMS.

MR. WIGLEY opened the pleadings. The declaration stated, that the action was brought, in order to recover, as a compensation, damages from the defendant, for *criminal conversation* with the plaintiff's wife.

Mr. Erskine, as leading counsel for the prosecution, then entered into the subject matter, upon which, he said, he had the honour to address his lordship and the jury. The plaintiff, he stated to be a gentleman well known to the jury, and as standing high in the esteem of the country at large. The defendant, Captain Williams, was an officer in the Guards, a gentleman of considerable fortune and distinction in the county of Carnarvon, of which he was likewise representative in parliament. That, to an elegant and captivating person, he added a most pleasing and insinuating address. That with these qualifications, as might be naturally expected, he had obtained the notice of the most respectable families in and around the city of Worcester; and, among others, unfortunately for the future tranquillity of it, that in which the lady who was the unhappy subject of crimination presided; and who, till that disastrous event, united, to a person the most engaging, all the amiable qualities of a tender mother, an affectionate wife, and an agreeable companion. That the moment of the defendant's introduction was, alas! the unhappy period at which all those endearing

ing accomplishments began to languish and to fade. As his visits became more frequent, the more visible became that coolness and indifference to those who had, till then, been the objects, and received the warmest expressions of maternal blandishment. Dereliction of those tender attachments to which nature had directed them, soon produced a deviation from virtue—the fatal step, alas! which had at length deprived her of every comfort of life, and hurried her down that precipice, the summit of which, women, when once upon the descent, descend too rapidly to look back at, or regain. That this unfortunate attachment, to which she had fallen a sacrifice, at length, as the circumstances attending it were too glaring to be long concealed, came to the knowledge of the plaintiff, whose feelings upon the discovery, and distressed state of mind, from the first communication of it to the present moment, may be more easily conceived than described (unless in the glowing colours of Mr. Erskine's language). After recapitulating, in the most impressive and affecting manner, the sad change which one false step had produced in a family, in which so much happiness, arising from the possession of every thing that could communicate it, had so uniformly, and so long existed; and, to use his own pathetic language, where love had spread its silver wings; a family, in which the frailty of one had brought the most complicated misery upon all.

Mr. Erskine concluded a most interesting address, of an hour and a half, and proceeded to substantiate the unpleasant facts from oral testimony, and various quotations from letters, which had passed between the defendant and the wife of the plaintiff.

The evidences called were most of them domestics who had been in the family during the progress of the unfortunate affair.

The marriage being proved by the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, who performed the ceremony.

A postillion was called, who proved the driving of Captain W——— at various hours in the night, to Mrs. Wakeman's; as was the turnpike-man to corroborate his evidence.

The housekeeper was next called, who deposed, that she had seen Captain W—— at her master's house, in his absence, several times. That her mistress having returned from a concert one evening, about ten o'clock, on her arrival, immediately ordered the servants to retire to bed, which she soon did herself. That upon hearing her mistress walking about the room a much longer time than usual, she had the curiosity to come out of her's, upon which she discovered her mistress going down stairs, but upon seeing her, returned; that she soon after heard her go down the back stairs, and unchain the door. That in the morning, when she went to make her mistress's bed, it had more the appearance of two having lain in it than one.

Another servant was called, who stated, that she, as usual, fastened every window and door in the house, and that she had frequently found one or other unfastened when she went to open them in the morning.

A man servant, who was accustomed to attend Mrs. W—— when she went an airing, said, that Captain W——— generally met his mistress upon the road, and accompanied her during her ride,

ride, but always left her a little before she came to her house.

Mr. Baker proved that he watched Capt. W—— to the house of Mrs. W——, and hiding himself at a convenient distance between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, he saw Mrs. W. open the parlour window in her *robe de chambre*, and let in Capt. W——; that he waited till about three in the morning, and saw him come out and return to Worcester.

The butler was next called, who said, that he had frequently seen Capt. W—— at his master's house during his absence. That when Capt. W—— came, he being the only servant that attended the parlour, was generally sent to Worcester upon some trifling errand; that he recollected, one morning in particular, Capt. W—— came and enquired for his master; being informed he was from home, asked for his mistress, to whom he was introced in the breakfast parlour. That Capt. W. requested him to hold his horse for a few minutes; that he did so for more than half an hour: when Capt. W. not making his appearance, he got up and rode it about for some time, but being tired with expectation, he was taking it to the stable, and passing the window of the breakfast parlour, he discovered his mistress and Capt. W. on the sofa, in such a situation as left no doubt in his mind of the criminality of their conduct.

Here the evidence for the plaintiff closed, which, with the letters of Captain Williams, addressed to Mrs. Wakeman, Mr. Erskine considered as sufficient ground to rest his case.

Mr. Garrow, as counsel for the defendant, admitted the act of adultery proved beyond all possibility of doubt; and after some well-applied compliments to the learned counsel on the Oxford circuit, for his intrusion among them, began a speech, the principal arguments of which went towards a mitigation of damages, and an endeavour to prove that the defendant was rather the *seduced* than the *seducer*; that notwithstanding he had violated the laws of morality and religion, and consequently those of his country in one instance, he had risked his life to protect them in various others; that he had bled before the walls of Dunkirk in their defence, and had been a conspicuous figure in that glorious cause. Mr. G. lamented, that he had not the honour to be known even personally to any of the gentlemen to whom he was applying in favour of his client; and his client (unfortunately for him) though not destitute of many of those qualities which are an ornament to human nature, being known to them only by his vices, he felt a weight which he knew not how to support, or discharge with justice to himself and the defendant. He lamented that it was not in his power to exonerate his client from many aggravations of the charges that had been thrown upon him by the ingenious arguments of his learned friend, for want of those letters which the honour of his client compelled him to preserve in inviolable secrecy; and being destitute of those advantages, he could not meet his opponent upon equal ground. Mr. G. then endeavoured to obliterate the unfavourable impressions with which the language of Mr. Erskine had prepossessed the minds of the jury, and concluded his reply, which lasted two hours and a half,

half, by reminding the jury, that if his client had been culpable, it was in one of those occurrences in which human nature has least resolution to withstand temptation.

Mr. Justice Heath then summed up the evidence in the most clear and impartial manner, lamented the frequency of these kind of actions; but desired the jury to confine themselves to the facts, which appeared to him but too clearly proved.

The jury retired for about twenty minutes, and returned with their verdict for the plaintiff, 2000l. damages.

BARNET RACES.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

NOtwithstanding your Racing Calendar has amply described the manner in which the different horses arrive at the goal; and the names of the respective proprietors, yet there is one thing you have not yet obliged your readers with, and which I cannot but think would be entertaining to many of them:—I mean *the description of a race*, with the different characters who frequent it, portrayed. It would have been a much greater satisfaction to me, if the subject had been handled by some abler pen; but such as it is, you are welcome to.

BARNET RACES being nearest to the metropolis, it is at that place I have made my first essay; and should you think it will amuse your friends, you will doubtless do me the honour of inserting it in your next number.

I. I. B.

BARNET RACE JOURNAL;

OR,

SPORTING GAZETTE

EXTRAORDINARY.

Barnet,
Monday, Aug. 11, 1794.

I shall not attempt to describe the variety of busy scenes that presented themselves as I passed through the villages of Islington, Highgate, Finchley, &c. previous to my arrival at this place; be assured they were many: but as they may not, in all probability, be deemed by you of sufficient importance for relation, I shall proceed in my journal.

Arrived here this evening, Captain Rookwood, Lord Finesse, Sir David Dupe, Count Codgie, Sir George Groom, Mr. Catwell, Mr. Fleece'em, Sam Scamper, Harry Handicap, &c.

Mrs. Motherly also brought down a fine shew of fillies, properly broke in at Haddock's, Windsor's and Malby's The noted Mother Brim, remarkable for accommodating young gentlemen, dispatched a cargo by land-carriage; but the weather proving hot, they were tainted before they left London; besides a number of others, of inferior note; in consequence of which, the following caution from the police, was distributed by the beadle through the town:

"Whereas there are arrived at Barnet, sundry old infected cargoes, called *new faces*, from the first and second floor repositories in Russel-street, Drury-Lane, Mary-le-bone, &c. therefore, in justice to the fair trader, *we give this notice*, that no bloods, bucks, or others, fond of sporting, do presume, at their peril to have any connection with the vulgarities abovementioned, least they incur

incur the pains and penalties mentioned in the statute concerning plagues and pestilence.

Tuesday Morning, 7 o'clock.

Carpenters were busy in erecting the booths, stands, &c. and other conveniences for the accommodation of customers; while the fond mothers in the town had washed and dressed their children in new caps, sashes, and other tawdry ornaments, for the gaping multitude to admire; and by eight o'clock the breakfast tables were spread for their friends and relations. Jack-asses, loaded with fruit, oysters, and pickled salmon, had come down by nine, and links of raw sausages were hung upon sticks, to invite the hungry stranger; and, about ten, the charcoal and pans went to work; the savoury smell spread itself around, and "Walk into my parlour," became a general cry. A squad of barrow-girls took possession of an eligible spot of ground, with their tubs of oysters; some of the fattest were opened, to make the mouth water, and, "All fat and good oh!" was bawled by lungs of leather. There was plenty of shrimps, crabs, and perriwinkles, at every mugging-booth, in addition to their larders of ham, cold beef, &c.

Eleven, A. M.

The sport began here. Harry Headlong having drank all night, when he went to bed, would make a bet, that he jumped out of the chamber window; it was said *done* to at once; away he went, and broke his neck by the fall: however, his widow came in for the money.

Noon.

The pedestrians on the road were almost suffocated by the dust raised by the numerous train of coaches, landaus, phaetons, curricles, chaises, and buggies, bringing down publicans, bailiffs, bullies, gamblers, butchers, horse-dealers, bawds, and their *white-legged chickens.*

Barnet Course, Two o'clock.

The signal was given for the race to begin, and

Now from the goal the managed coursers play
On bended reins, as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride: but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the temper swells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.

The Hunters' Sweepstakes was won easy, by Mr. Goldham's bay gelding, beating two others. Mr. Goldham, who rode his own horse, was as much admired for his skill in horsemanship, as he has often been before for agility at the game of cricket.

Afterwards, the sweepstakes, of 50l. was won by Mr. Corrie's br. colt, Bandalore. Here, some of the *done-first* dealers were *thrown over the bridge*; as the favourite, who was *laid on thick*, was distanced.

Wednesday Morning.

The town appeared very dull; most of the race-comers lounged about the market, or up and down the High-street; staring, with vacant eyes, into every private house window. Some people were at the inn doors, in the doing-nothing state of lolling against an upright of the gateway, cross-legged, and looked like emblems of indolence, who did not know what to think about. Others were astride the rails, playing with their whips, fancying themselves on horseback, and whistling

whistling at the same time, to put memory off; while others, sitting upon the benches of public-houses, were picking pebbles as they sat, and tossing them up into the air, only for the pleasure of seeing them tumble down again :—till cocking began.

Eleven o'clock.

The bellman proclaimed thro' the town, that a day's play of cocks was to be fought at the Harrow, between the gentlemen of Barnet and Hatfield, for two guineas a battle, and twenty the odd; and in less than half an hour, the pit was filled: some mute as so many mourners; in other parts, were groups of main and bye-battle feeders, delivering eloquent lectures upon blood-bone, and feather, and classically construing rights in left, norrils, hackles, and combs; till the first pair of cocks were pitted, when there was great shouts, and different tones of—" Come, that bag for 20—I'll take 6 to 4—I hold 6 to 5 the pyle—I'll lay 13 to 6 the yellow—done—done"—then was alternately chorus'd round the pit; while so fierce were the rage of the two animals, with an unaccountable inveteracy they were cutting and stabbing each other to pieces, to the amazing entertainment of the spectators, who honour the surviving cock with shouts of victory.

Just before the races began, several of the *family-men* were put into a prodigious panic, on account of a number of horsemen appearing at the inn-door where they dined, but they were discovered only to be a party of friends, escorting a favourite horse; and not any of the Bow-street runners, as was at first reported.

Jack Buskin gallopped up Barnet town with his hands tied behind him, for a bet of six bottles; his horse taking fright, dashed his head against the Mitre sign-post, and he was taken up dead. The coroner's inquest have since brought in their verdict—*Lunacy*.

It is remarkable, that there never was before, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Barnet, such a number of rooks and pigeons as have appeared there, and on the course, this meeting.

The E. O. tables had abundance of company; most of whom lost their money, but had the consolation to hear it was only owing to their having N. O. luck.

Two o'clock.

The Poney Sweepstakes was run for, and won by the Hon. T. Bowes' ch. m. Peggy; who was high in estimation at the betting post.

Four o'clock.

Seven horses started for the 50l. which was won after three good heats, by Mr. O'Kelly's b. h. Cardock, though Mr. Goodison's Dalham was the favourite; and bets 5 to 1 against Cardock.

During this race, one of the jockeys was dismounted by Mr. Gilpin, a staymaker's horse, running away with his master, who was taken up speechless with the fright; and on examining him, it was perceived his boots were bloody, occasioned by a bodkin he carried in his breeches-pocket, running through his *diachylon plaister*.

Evening.

The *mobility* hasten'd off the course; and through the quantity of liquor the heat and dust had

had obliged them to swallow, were very clamorous and troublesome; pushing and crowding for the benefit of the pick-pockets, who made a good harvest.

Several battles were fought on the return of the company to their respective abodes; one in particular, by a *hedge courtezan* and an itinerant *shrimp lady*; the latter had two of her teeth sent into her stomach, which obliged her to give up the contest.

Two or three horses expired in the course of the day, through heat, overloading, and severe riding. Many wrecks of single horse-chaise's, &c. were laying on the road; and several of each sex, *too much done* by the fatigues of the day, lay *snoring* in the fields.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AQUATIC SPORT.

LATELY, a limb of the law, after amusing himself at Vauxhall, with his dulcinea, agreed with a waterman for two shillings to take him and his lady to the Temple Stairs. When they approached the place, the lawyer began to revile the waterman, and told him he was an imposing rascal to ask two shillings when his fare was no more than one, which was all he would give him. It was in vain that *Tom Tug* appealed to the generosity of *Trickum*, who paid his shilling, and the pair was landed.

Trickum finding to his misfortune that the gate was locked, and he could not get into the Temple, called out lustily to *Tom* to take him on board, and carry him to Blackfriars-stairs. "Stay there," and be d——n'd," quoth *Tom*, "for an hour or two, and then the tide, perhaps, will *help you off*."

Trickum implored ineffectually for a considerable time, till pleading the distress of the *lady*, *Tom's* gallantry interposed, and he kindly condescended for *five shillings—down upon the nail*—to row them to Blackfriars-stairs.

This he did, and landing them on the Surry side, left *Trickum* to walk home, meditating on the means by which a *knowing* attorney may succeed in *humbugging* a waterman!

THE MELFORD DISASTER.

The following circumstance occured at Long Melford, near Bury; three young ladies of that place, one of whom is very much celebrated for her mental as well personal accomplishments, agreed a few days since, to bathe in a river, about half a mile distant from the town, there being no private accommodation for that purpose in the neighbourhood.

An early hour, at which they would be the least liable to be discovered by strangers, was determined on, and at four o'clock in the morning they proceeded from home to the appointed place. As they walked through the town, they were espied by a blacksmith, who, about the same hour, usually gets up to his work. Curiosity prompted him to find out, whither the fair ones were boud; but he did not discover himself to them, till they were in the river, the perfect image of their primitive mother *Eve*, when perceiving him approach, they screamed out, and prudently sat down in the water. The modern *Vulcan*, dead to the distresses of *Venus*, determined to divert his uncouth fancy, by carrying off their clothes, with which he did not return. In this pitiable situation, they were obliged to remain for near an hour, when a poor

poor woman passing that way, on hearing the rude behaviour they had experienced, and their consequent embarrassment, procured them such necessary articles of apparel, as enabled them to get home.

The blacksmith has since made a public boast of his exploit, saying, it was a fine piece of sport; and, owing to his unfeeling and brutish conduct, the young ladies have ever since been ashamed to be seen, even by their relations.

Vulcan's frolic and boasting, will most likely turn out a serious affair to him, for the *three water nymphs* have preferred a bill of indictment against him, for stealing their clothes.

VAUXHALL PRIZE ROWING MATCH.

At a quarter after six, the seven boats started from Blackfriars-bridge, for the three prizes—a boat, two guineas, and one guinea. The firing of an arquebus was the signal, but the clashing of oars was so incessant, that it was not distinctly heard. Sloat and Heath, of Bank-side, got the start about two boats length. Brummell, of Vauxhall, and Howson, of Hungerford, followed. Two of the other boats returned without making Westminster. The match was carried on with most incredible swiftness throughout to Battersea-bridge, through the centre arch; and in the return to Vauxhall, Sloat and Heath won the boat by three boat's length *only*. Brummell and his partner the second prize. The number of boats on the river, and spectators on the banks, exceeded every former exhibition.

Neptune's triumphal car was again exhibited, but proceeded no further than the Red House for the want of tide. There were to have been great improvements, but there was not time sufficient.

The victors were carried in triumph to the gardens, which were thronged with company, Upon the whole, a more beautiful sight was never seen upon the face of Old Father Thames.

At Workington Races, a child was run over by one of the plate horses in the course, and killed on the spot.

Waxey and Brother to Precipitate, we hear, are matched to run over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, the first Spring meeting, for 200gs. h. ft. weight 8st. 4lb. each.

A wheat-ear of a very beautiful and uncommon plumage, was lately shot on Horsham Common. The wings and point of the tail only, are of the ordinary colour; the head and back down to about the middle of the tail, are milk white, interspersed with here and there a feather of an ash colour, particularly on the rump; the throat is a mixture of white and cinnamon; the breast and belly are of one colour, and most resemble that which is natural to the chaffinch. This rare bird has been seen by several shepherds, who have catched many thousands, and who allow it to be a great curiosity, having never before seen any one that was any thing like it.

On Thursday, July the 24th, a pitched battle was fought, in the Duke of Bedford's field, behind Gower-street, between two

two coal-porters skilled in the pugilistic art. Jones, called *Old Tar*, and a younger adept of the name of Christie. The concourse of people who attended was very great, and chiefly of the coal tribe, who had come from the water-side, anticipating the *fun* of a savage battle; the original difference having there arisen about the payment of a pint of porter: in consequence of which it was determined to decide the quarrel by fair boxing, for one guinea each. The first set-to determined odds among the *gents* of a guinea to a crown, from Christie shifting, apparently with fear, from his antagonist, who knocked him down at every blow thrown in by the left hand, and struck most ferociously and directly at the breast. After seven set-to's, Old Tar was declared victorious; although the eldest man in muscular strength, he had the pre-eminence as well as scientific, Christie was younger, of less power, and in worse condition. A favourite of the rabble, *Thomas Body*, who fought George the Brewer, and lost his battle from a broken arm, was second to Jones; and this ridiculous fight was held up and supported by the mockery of seconds and bottle-holders, affording no *fun* to the amateurs, nor material injury to the combatants.

Dogger's coat and badge was rowed for on Friday, August 1st. At a quarter after six, the candidates started, five in number, from the Old Swan.—James Franklyn, of Putney, had rather the advantage, which he kept all the way, although very hard pressed by James Taylor of Horsleydown. The race was supported in a powerful and dexterous method all the way to Chelsea, when Franklyn was the victor by two boat's length. Crow, of Church-street, won the third prize.

BURY, AUG. 2.

On Monday se'nnight, about ten o'clock at night, some persons being employed to destroy wasp-nests at Euston, set fire to one near the Duke of Grafton's park gate, which communicating with the furze on the heath, leading to Barnham, destroyed a very large covey for game, and was with much difficulty, by the assistance of the engines, prevented from communicating to the parsonage-house and barn.

The sight was of the most awful kind, forming a body of fire of immense magnitude, which was seen for many miles round, and the inhabitants of the villages were greatly alarmed for its safety; but happily the evening was very calm. Many rabbits and hares were found in the plantation next morning, smothered and burnt to death.

A gentleman some days ago set out from Oxford, to ride a match against time, from that city to London and back: the distance 108 miles in twelve hours, with change of horses, which he performed in eight and a quarter.

ARCHERY.

On Monday, August 4, an elegant entertainment was given by the Royal Surrey Bowmen, on Epsom Downs, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Royal Kentish Bowmen, of which society his Royal Highness is patron, who was graciously pleased to honour the meeting with his presence.

His

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, patron, and Lady King, patroness, of the Royal Surrey Bowmen, presided at the dinner, at which near three hundred ladies and gentlemen of the two societies were elegantly and conveniently accommodated in a tempary room constructed on the occasion.

At ten o'clock the company adjourned to the ball-room, from which they did not retire till past six the next morning. The whole was conducted in a manner that gave universal satisfaction.

The constant and polite attention with which His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence is pleased to honour the society, must ever impress them with the highest sense of his affability and condescension.

The Cannock Rangers also held their third annual meeting on the Chace, when the Ladies' medal was shot for on the Wednesday, at sixty yards, and won by Miss Kinnersley.

On Friday the silver bow, given by the lady patroness, Miss Curzon, was shot for at 100 yards, and won by the Rev. Thomas Horton; and on Saturday, the gold cup, given by the Right Hon. the Earl of Uxbridge, was shot for at all the four lengths; viz. four, eight, twelve, and sixteen roods, and won by J. Thackeray, Esq.

Caution never to take off the bridle from a horse's head, whilst in a carriage.

Tuesday, the 5th inst. as Capt. Broughton was going from Leek to the assizes at Stafford, in his gig, with a high-spirited horse, the servant (in order to put on his hood to prevent the flies from teazing him) took off the bridle, when the animal, frightened at seeing the carriage behind him, immediately ran furiously off, by which accident Capt. Broughton, being thrown out, had the misfortune to break one of his legs, and was otherwise much bruised, the carriage torn to pieces, and the servant and a valuable horse much hurt.

On Tuesday evening, August 12th, an elegant fire-work was given at Sir John Lade's, at Cants-hill, in honour of the birth-day of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The elevated situation of the ground, added much to the splendour of the exhibition. A band of music from Byrnham, attended, and a great number of people from the neighbouring villages, who were supplied with great plenty of strong beer, after the fire-works. The night being remarkably fine, about thirty couple danced upon the lawn before the house until two in the morning, when the whole band, with the company in full chorus, concluded the entertainment with " God save the King."

A boxing-match was fought on Wednesday, August 20th, at Wimbledon, between two persons, not unaptly stiled *Ruffians.* One of them has long been known to the amateurs of the *polite* and *human science* of pugilism by the name of the *Ruffian*; the other, emulating his *virtuous* pursuits, has assumed the appellation of the *Young Ruffian.*—The contest was very severe, and lasted an hour and forty minutes, when the fate of thf *important day* decided in favour o the latter *hero.*

A foot race took place on August the 27th, at Epsom, between a cele-

a celebrated runner called the *Pieman*, and a Kentishman. The latter staked 100 guineas to 80.

A certain great personage, well-known on the Turf, has laid 500 guineas to 300 in favour of the Kentishman, who appears to be the general favourite.

An account of this race will be given in our next.

A few days since, two large dogs made terrible havock in a flock of sheep belonging to Farmer Mersh, at North Stoneham, in Hampshire; five of them were torn to pieces, eight drowned, eleven desperately wounded, and two missing.

His Grace of Bedford has lately made two very unsuccessful *canters* over Newmarket. The *sable-legged* corps calculate their gleanings on this occasion, at little short of 50,000 guineas.

A lady of fashion, who, not more than two months ago, made a gentleman happy, by giving him her *hand* at the altar of Hymen, has, within these few days, made him an additional *present* of a *fine boy*.

On Saturday, after the first heat for the town plate, at Lewes, Abraham Wossell, known by the name of "the running pieman," started against time, viz. to run nine miles within the hour, on the race course, for a wager of 10 guineas, which he performed in 54 minutes, notwithstanding he was delayed for a minute and a half, after he had run five miles. Considerable bets were made on this race.—A collection was afterwards made for him, amounting to near 20 guineas.

Mr. Gurney, of Peele's Coffee-house, has the most prolific aviary in England. Several of his canary breeding-cages have produced three, four, and five feathered families in the course of this breeding season.

However extraordinary it may appear, at this time, it is nevertheless true, that there is a very ancient and respectable town in Yorkshire, which does not afford one back-gammon table; and furnishes only a single pack of cards —which is kept at an inn, merely for the amusement of travellers on a rainy day.

Died, lately, in his 62d year, Mr. J. Weatherby, an eminent attorney at law; and keeper of the match-book, Newmarket.

COCKING INTELLIGENCE.

During the race-week at Preston, a main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby and J. Clifton, Esq. for 10gs a battle, and 200 the main, which was won by his lordship, four a-head, who won eight a-head in the byes.—Beastal and Lister, feeders.

The main of cocks fought at the races at Worcester, between the gentlemen of Worcestershire, (Potter feeder) and the gentlemen of Gloucestershire, (Milbourn feeder) terminated exactly even: it consisted of 25 mains and 19 byes. Very good fighting on both sides.—Johnson (the pugilist) was at both the races and cocking.

On Monday, July 14, and the following day, a grand match of cricket was played in Lord's Ground, between the Earl of Winchelsea, and Eleven of England, against Twenty-two of the county of Middlesex, for 1000 guineas.

MIDDLESEX.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Goldam, Esq. b T. Walker	0	c H. Walker -	2
Martin b Harris	1	c Robinson -	4
Rubegall b ditto	1	c Beldam - -	0
Ray c T. Walker -	8	c Scott - -	8
Dale b ditto -	4	hit wicket -	0
Jacob White c Beldam	9	c Freemantle -	0
Graham b Harris -	4	stumpt Ring -	17
Winter b T. Walker	5	c J. Small, jun. -	0
G. Louch, Esq. run out	15	c Scott - -	28
Butler c T. Walker	0	c Beldam -	4
Fennex c ditto -	4	b Harris -	1
J. Brown c Beldam	0	stumpt Ring -	2
Shackell b Harris -	0	b Harris - -	2
Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun. b ditto	0	stumpt Ring -	0
Mr. Wheeler c Scott	3	c T. Walker -	10
Wilson c Small, jun. -	6	stumpt Ring -	0
Turner c Small, sen. -	1	c Freemantle -	6
Lord c H. Walker -	1	run out - -	4
Bedster c T. Walker	1	c Beldam -	0
W. Brown b Harris -	8	c Freemantle -	0
Sharp run out -	0	c Small, sen. -	2
Sylvester not out -	0	not out - -	2
Byes	1	Byes	0
	67		90

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
T. Walker hit wicket	3		
Freemantle c Jacob White	1		
Beldam b Lord -	11	not out -	[illegible]
H. Walker b Turner	5		
Small, jun. c. G. Louch, Esq.	26		
Ring b Turner -	16		
Robinson b Lord -	7	not out	4
Hammond c Sharp	28		
Scott b Lord -	12		
Earl Winchelsea b Turner	35		
Small, sen. b ditto -	0		
Harris not out -	0		
Byes	5	Byes	0
	149		9

On Friday, July 25, a grand match of cricket was played on Kennington Common, between the Wednesday's Club of Kennington Common, and the Thursday's Club of Mary-le-bone, for 500 guineas.

MARY-

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Bryden b Rubegall -	0	run out -	2
Ray c Farrance -	28	stumpt Warren -	12
J. Beeston b J. Miller	5	b J. Miller -	1
Goldham b Rubegall -	4	run out -	16
Barton stumpt Warren	3	run out -	2
Dale c J. Miller -	3	c J. Miller - -	0
Lord c. H. Miller -	11	b Rubegall - -	31
W. Beeston b J. Miller	0	c Farrance - -	5
Shepherd not out -	3	b Rubegall -	4
Wall run out -	3	stumpt Warren -	5
Barnshaw b Duplock	0	not out -	1
Byes 5	—65	Byes 0	—79

KENNINGTON CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Clark b. Lord -	10	c Bryden -	3
J. Miller stumpt J. Beeston	14	b J. Beeston -	5
Rubegall b Lord -	20	c ditto - -	3
Farrance b ditto -	0	b ditto. - -	6
Johnson stumpt J. Beeston	6	run out - -	0
Watts c Wall -	2	b Shepherd -	10
H. Miller b Lord -	0	b Lord - -	10
Warren b ditto -	8	b J. Beeston -	1
Duplock b ditto -	7	b Lord - -	6
Tanner c Dale -	10	not out - -	4
Newman not out -	2	b Goldham - -	1
Byes 8	—87	Byes 0	—49

The above was the best match played this year. The odds at the commencement of the game were 7 to 5 in favour of the Mary-le-bone Club, but soon changed in favour of their opponents: then even betting, and at last 10 to 1 in favour of the winners.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, July 29 and 30, a grand match of cricket was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between the Mary-le-bone Club and Old Field Club, for One Thousand Guineas.

This match was made between the Earl of Winchelsea and E. Morant, Esq.

EARL WINCHELSEA.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
C. Clarke, Esq b Timber	5	b Thompson -	9
Sir John Shelley b Gates	23	b ditto - -	1
Graham b Timber	2	c Finch - -	1
G. Louch, Esq. c. J. East, Esq.	1	c ditto - -	14
Earl Winchelsea b. Timber	5	b Gates -	15
Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun. b Gates	17	b G. East, Esq. -	49
Lord c ditto -	0	b ditto -	23
Lord Thanet c Gill -	6	b Timber -	0
Turner b Gates -	3	b ditto - -	10
Hampton not out -	5	b Gates -	5
Captain Lambert c Monk	1	not out - -	0
Byes 3	—71	Byes 5	—132

E. MORANT, Esq.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Shackell b Lord	20	b Lord -	5
Gill c G. Louch, Esq.	0	b Hampton -	10
G. East, Esq. c. Capt. Lambert	9	b ditto -	1
Finch b Hampton -	10	c Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun.	30
Timber c. Earl Winchelsea	0	b Hampton -	2
Gates b Hampton	6	b Lord -	0
Lawrence c ditto -	3	b ditto -	3
Monk b Lord -	7	c G. Louch, Esq. -	10
Winter run out -	0	c Earl Winchelsea -	0
Thompson c Turner	0	not out -	19
E. Morant, Esq. not out	3	b Hampton -	3
Bes	0	Byes	6
	58		89

On Friday, August 1, and Monday, August 4, a grand match of cricket was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between the Wednesday's Kennington Club, and the Thursday's Mary-le-bone Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Ray c Farrance -	11	c Rubegall -	0
Barton b Rubegall -	15	run out -	25
Hall c Warren -	0	c Warren -	15
Dale run out -	35	run out -	11
Rice b Rubegall -	36	b Farrance -	22
Bridger run out -	7	b J. Miller -	3
J. Beeston b Farrance	14	run out - -	1
Goldham b Rubegall	3	c H. Miller -	7
Shepperd b ditto -	0	not out -	12
W. Beeston b ditto -	0	c Nesbitt - -	8
Lord not out -	3	c Farrance -	19
Byes	14	Byes	6
	138		129

KENNINGTON CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Clark b Rice -	2	b Ray -	4
Nesbitt b Lord -	10	c Goldham -	0
Watts b ditto -	14	b Rice - -	5
Farrance c ditto -	0	b ditto - -	1
Johnstone c Goldham	3	c Ray - -	7
Rubegall b Cord -	1	not out -	15
Warren not out -	52	run out - -	3
J. Miller b Ray - -	11	c W. Beeston -	18
Tanner c Hall - -	10	b Ray - -	43
H. Miller b Lord -	2	b Lord - -	7
Duplock b ditto -	0	c J Beeston - -	27
Byes	0	Byes	3
	105		133

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

INVICTA; or, GAVELKIND*,

SONG,

As sung by Mr. Dignum, on the fourth of August, 1794, at an Entertainment given by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Patron, and the rest of the Society of Royal Surry Bowmen, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Patron, and the rest of the Society of Royal Kentish Bowmen.

Tune—"Vicar of Bray."
The Words by one of the Royal Kentish Bowmen.

LET abler bards rich trophies raise,
To heroes, Greek or Roman;
Pure native themes employ my lays,
A Royal Kentish Bowman;
Our sires supported Gavelkind,
With steel and trusty yew, Sir,
And rightful Princes all shall find,
We're loyal, firm, and true, Sir.
Then let the foes upon our coast,
Attempt a fresh invasion,
Invicta still brave Kent shall boast,
Whene'er they give occasion.

When Norman William's curfew bell
O'er England caused a rout, Sir,
The fire of Freedom annals tell
In Kent was ne'er put out, Sir;
And when the fierce usurping Duke
Held warlike Britons under,
In Kent he met with such rebuke,
As fill'd the realms with wonder!
Then let the foes, &c.

Tow'rds Dover, as on vengeance bent,
He march'd in dread array, Sir,
The valiant yeomen, pride of Kent,
Oppos'd him on the way, Sir.
So bold and free, our fathers yet,
With crafts of war prov'd gifted,
Who William's mightier host beset,
With oaken boughs uplifted!
Then let the foes, &c.

Hence ancient Kent for sword and bow,
Extoll'd in martial story,
Proud ensigns bore that we might know,
And emulate her glory;
The men of Kent distinction gain'd,
When conqu'ring William landed;
Which left to us should be maintain'd,
As down from them 'twas handed.
Then let the foes, &c.

Now Bowmen join with heart and voice,
To bless our Constitution,
Content with ease and social joys,
We wish no revolution;
We fear no foreign hostile band,
Nor home-bred vile commotion;
Kent's Royal Patron guards the land,
May Surry's rule the ocean!
Then let the foes, &c.

* The motto to the armorial bearings of the County of Kent.

ABSENCE.

By Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY, Bart.

AH! painful thought! and must you go?
Must from her swain my fair remove?
Yes, absence shall increase my woe,
And part me from the maid I love!

The hours which late with joy were pass'd,
Enliven'd by your mirth and song,
No more with silent tread shall haste,
But mournfully shall creep along!

When you, Belinda, young and gay,
Some more accomplish'd youth shall see,
And twice an hundred miles away,
Can you bestow one thought on me?

Will not the love, dear, charming maid,
You said you bore to me alone,
Through absence soon decay and fade,
Soon from your tender heart be gone?

Methinks I see you, light as air,
Give Love's sweet passion to the wind;
Unconscious of the pangs I bear,
Forgetting him you left behind.

Whilst

Whilst I, in vain, implore relief,
Nor pleasure nor repose can find,
In lonely groves indulge my grief,
And with your image feast my mind!

But go, my lovely charmer, go,
Since fate, unkind, will have it so,
May each propitious power befriend,
And pleasure all your steps attend!

And when our happier fates decree
Your bless'd return to love and me!
Oh! may your faithful Strephon prove,
His fair one still as true to love!

The following inscription was lately found painted on a board in St. Pancras Church-yard.

READER, pass on, nor idly waste your time,
In reading names and dates, and shabby rhime:
What we *are now*, this cumb'rous clay ensures,
And what *we were*—is no affair of your's.

TO AUTUMN.

By Mrs. Radcliffe.

From her Novel of
The Mysteries of Udolpho.

SWEET Autumn! how thy melancholy grace
Steals on my heart as through these shades I wind;
Sooth'd by thy breathing sign, I fondly trace
Each lonely image of the pensive mind.

Lov'd scenes, lov'd friend—long lost! around me rise,
And wake the melting thought, the tender tear:
That tear, that thought, which more than mirth I prize—
Sweet as the gradual tint that paints thy year!

Thy farewell smile, with fond regret I view,
Thy beaming lights, soft gilding o'er the woods;
Thy distant landscape, touch'd with yellow hue,
While falls the lengthen'd gleam; thy winding floods,
Now veil'd in shade, save where the skiff's white sails
Swell to the breeze, and catch thy streaming ray.
But now, e'en now, the partial vision fails,
And the wave smiles, as sweeps the cloud away;

Emblem of life!—thus chequer'd in its plan;
Thus joy succeeds to grief—thus smiles the varied man.

PRAY REMEMBER THE POOR.

WRITTEN AT BATH.

WITHIN this box, whose outward walls demand
Alms for the poor, a hungry spider stands:
Across the hole her subtle web she plies,
Eager to intercept—not alms—but flies.
"Long have I held (she cries) my silent "reign
"Within these walls—then why should "I complain?
"My lines unbroken, and my webs un-"spoil'd,
"I now enjoy the ease for which I've "toil'd.
"No longer now the rattling halfpence "fall,
"Or shriller shilling clinks against the "wall;
"No longer Nash intreats—Nash is no "more—
"Rejoice, Arachne!—but lament ye "poor!
"Long shall I reign in peace."—As thus she said,
"In dropp'd the widow's mite, and broke "Arachne's thread!"

THE WATCHMAN.

From Mr. Dibdin's Castles in the Air.

A WATCHMAN I am, and I knows all the round,
The housekeepers, the strays, and the lodgers;
Where low devils, and rich dons, and high reps may be found,
Odd dickies, queer kids, and rum codgers.
Of money, and of property,
I'm he that takes the care,
And cries, when I see rogues go by,
Hey! what are you doing there?
"Only a little business in that house; you understand me."—"Understand you well,

well, I believe you are an honest man; do you hear, bring me an odd silver candle-stick or so by and by."

Then to my box I creep,
And there falls fast asleep.—
What's that?—St. Paul's strikes one;
Thus, after all the mischief's done,
I goes and gives them warning,
And loudly bawls,
As strikes St. Paul's,
Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then, round as the hour I merrily cries,
Another fine mess I discover;
For a curious rope-ladder I straightway espies,
And Miss Forward expecting her lover.
Then to each other's arms they fly—
My life, my soul, ah! ah!—
"Fine work, Miss Hot-upon't," cries I,
"I'll knock up your papa,
"No, you won't, sure."—"Yes, I shall: worthy old soul, to be treated in this manner."—"Here, take this."—"Oh! you villain, want to bribe an honest watchman, and with such a trifle too."—"Well well, here's more."—"More! you seem to be a spirited lad; now do make her a good husband; I am glad you have tricked the old hunks: I wish you safe to Gretna Green."

Then to my box I creep,
And there fall fast asleep.—
What's that?—St. Paul's strikes two.
The lovers off, what does I do,
But gives the father warning,
And loudly bawls,
As strikes St. Paul's,
Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then, towards the square from my box as I looks,
I hears such a ranting and tearing;
'Tis Pharoah's whole host, and the pigeons and rooks,
Are laughing, and singing, and swearing:
Then such a hubbub, such a din;
How they blaspheme and curse!
That thief has stol'n my diamond pin!
Watch, watch, I've lost my purse!
"Watch, here, I charge you."—"And I charge you; damme, charge for charge."—"Indeed it is a marvellous thing that honest people can't pass the streets without being robbed; which is the thief that stole the gentleman's purse?"—"That's him."—"What, Sam Snatch!—give me the purse, Sam.—He has not got your purse; you are mistaken in your man, so go home peaceably, and don't oblige me to take *you* to the watch-house."

Then to my box I creep,
And there fall fast asleep."
What's that?—St. Paul's strikes three.
Thus from my roguery I gets free,
By giving people warning,
And loudly bawls,
As strikes St. Paul's,
Past three o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

SONNET,

To the River Lee, in Hertfordshire.

OH! Lee, thy verge, acclivious, oft I press'd
The rural riot, joyous sounds, to shun
For solitude; what time the sinking sun
Slow pour'd its golding glare adown the West;
Or lav'd me, fanciful, where on thy breast
His last beams linger'd; and anon was won
As shadows solemn spread, to be thy guest
Dark stilly night—an unprotected one.

Peace smil'd my friend—the holiday of life
Was passing then, for youth sat on my brow,
Unknowing time's irrefragable blow
Which rends upon my heart, poor vassal; bent to strife,
That oft dejected mourns. Ah! vain I mourn
Thy tranquil scenes in fancy but return.

July 22d, 1794. H.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS
DELIVERED BY
MISS WALLIS,

At the Theatre Royal, Bristol, on Monday evening, the 4th of August 1794, *when she quitted that Stage for Covent Garden Theatre.*

WRITTEN BY MR. C. F. WILLIAMS.

THE dreaded hour is come! long has pale fear
Appal'd my soul, by whisp'ring it was near,
No joys of late could raise my drooping heart,
For sad remembrance urg'd, "We soon must part!"
The festal hours dragged wearily along,
And Farewell wounded me from ev'ry song.
If friendship aim'd to sooth my pensive grief,
And sought by sympathy to give relief——
Tho' for a moment, with a care divine!
She ice her feelings, lest she torture mine.

Her

Her glowing breast would melt the thin
disguise,
And Farewell trickle from her tearful
eyes!
If my Heart's tablets be a faithful guide,
If Judgment dare from Feeling to decide,
Then cruel Fortune has reserv'd for me,
This night to feel a most severe decree,
To part from those who nurs'd my tender
years,
Cherish'd each hope, and guil'd my youth-
ful fears;
Whose smiles benign, unmerited by me,
Entic'd new efforts from obscurity.
To part from hence, where critic frowns
ne'er kill,
Nor party rage our minds with terrors fill;
But partial Goodness at our faults connive,
And sweet Applause bids op'ning merit
thrive.
To leave these scenes, these boards, so dear
to me!
For prouder scenes, and boards more slip-
pery;
Where minor talents are but dimly seen,
And pow'rful Genius claims th' immortal
green.
To leave thee, BRISTOL! generous and
kind,
And, in thy bosom, many a friend behind;
To court new patrons in the field of fame,
That boasts a Siddon' and a Farren's
name!

So the poor Fawn, the idol of each herd,
The mother's care, in park sequester'd
rear'd,
Where well-known streams with dimpled
smiles allur'd,
And woods, if foes appear'd, from harm
secur'd;
When doom'd by man to leave her much-
lov'd home,
And in some vast and unknown park to
roam;
Starts at each bush, and fears each tree a
foe,
Seeks for a friend, but knows not where
to go;
Hears a stream murmur! feigns it aught
amiss,
And trembles lest the bank conceal a ser-
pent's hiss!
But why should I this painful task pursue,
Or why speak on—to wound myself or
you?
Why linger thus?—yet, can I say adieu!
Speak, speak, my heart! or burst!—Speech,
feebly tell,
How my soul writhes, to bid such friends
farewell!
Yet, I must go from you this fated night;
'Tis Nature calls—"Whatever is, is
right."

SHOOTING.—A POEM.

CANTO I.

MY verse shall try, in humble strains, to yield
The various pleasures of the SPORTIVE FIELD;
To shew the diff'rent labours of the day,
As the revolving seasons roll away:
But vainly shall preceptive rules impart
A perfect knowledge of the manly art;
Practice alone can certain skill produce,
And theory, confirm'd by constant use.
As well the stripling of the gay parade,
Proud of his silken sash and smart cockade,
Though taught by wise instructors to ex-
plore
The martial depth of mathematic lore,
Might hope to drive Victoria's crimson car
Triumphant o'er the bleeding ranks of war:
'Ere the long march, the early toil and late,
The frequent scenes of danger and of fate,
The fervor of the glowing breast allay,
Change Ardour's blaze for Valour's tem-
p'rate ray,
And teach the mind, unruffled and serene,
To keep her powers 'midst Horror's wildest
scene.
The hardy youth who pants with eager flame,
To send his leaden bolts with certain aim,
Must ne'er with disappointed hopes recoil
From cold and heat, from hunger, and
from toil;
Must climb the hill—must tread the marshy
glade,
Or force his passage thro' th' opposing shade;
Must range untam'd by Sol's meridian pow'r,
And brave the force of Winter's keenest hour,
Till Industry and Time their work have
wrought,
And Honour crown the skill, that Labour
taught.
Yet some, these harsher rudiments to spare,
And equal art with easier toil to share,
Or watch with careful aim and steady sight,
The swallow wheeling in her summer flight;
Or on some lofty cliff, whose chalky steep
Hangs with rude brow impending on the
deep,
Where gulls and screaming sea-mews haunt
the rock,
Pour fire incessant on the mangled flock.
But vain their hopes; presented to the eye,
In such diversive lines the objects fly,
That the 'maz'd sight unnumber'd marks
pursues,
Uncertain where to aim, and which to
choose.
Decision quick, but calm, the SHOOTER'S
boast,
By frequent change is check'd, confus'd,
and lost;
And, guarded by irresolute delay,
Untouch'd shall future coveys fleet away.

(To be continued.)